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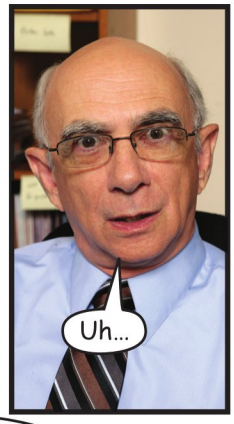

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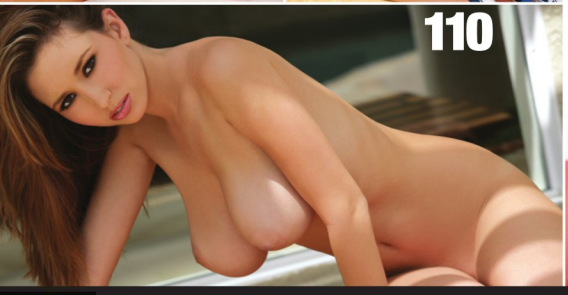

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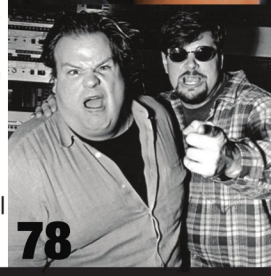

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Cover photo by Mark Lit/DigitalDesire.com

VOTE FOR OBAMA

There has probably never been so much riding on a Presidential election! Not only is the future of our democracy at stake, so too is the fate of the world. We cannot afford four more years of George W. Bush painted up to look like someone new.

The outcome of this contest is up to you. For God's sake, don't let this crucial opportunity pass you by.

Vote for Barack Obama. Vote straight Democrat. Stop John McCain from continuing the Bush crime family's tyranny.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

BY KEITH VALCOURT

RADICAL RIDE

The impressive-looking **Arantix Mountain Bike** is truly a technological marvel. Painstakingly crafted with carbon fiber and Kevlar, the uniquely designed bike provides unparalleled strength-to-weight ratio and aerodynamics. We know what you're thinking: A bike made of such sturdy materials must be heavy. Nope. Weighing under 2.8 pounds, this one is so ridiculously light, you can lift it with just two fingers. Production is limited, so you'd better get that cash together soon if you want to ride the amazing **Arantix Mountain Bike**.

Available at ***Delta7Sports.com***. Suggested retail price: $12,000.

WAKE UP YOUR IPHONE

Hey, hipster with all that disposable income! Yes, we're talking to you. So you rushed out and bought an iPhone the first week it was out. Good for you. But why are you still relying on that shitty little digital alarm clock? Meet the **iP99**, iHome's sleek and compact unit designed exclusively for use with the iPhone. Now you can fall asleep and wake up to a specific playlist. The **iP99** also features portable cabinet stereo speakers, a remote control and a line-in jack to connect other audio devices. Plus, it charges your iPhone. Come on, Mr. Trendy, you can afford it.

Available at ***iHome Audio.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.99.

BLADES OF GLORY

Your mom always said not to play ball in the house, but she never said anything about a radio-controlled whirlybird. The **Bladestar** from FlyTech is the first indoor flying machine with sensor-based navigation, which enables it to glide through the air with ease. Made from lightweight, high-flex material, this helicopterlike device is safe to use in any room. It has several modes, including Autopilot and RC. If you like, buy two **Bladestar**s, attach the dogfight accessory and battle it out.

Available at ***WowWee.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.99.

VIDEO VOYEUR

The **Vado Pocket Video Cam** may be the hottest thing you've ever had in your pants. Boasting 640x480 resolution, it's perfect for all your home video needs. You can also easily upload your creations directly to YouTube via an included program or any other online service. The lightweight, 2GB unit holds up to two hours of content and fits easily in your pants… pocket. The **Vado Pocket Video Cam** is offered in either silver or pink. We know how you love pink.

Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.

WIN FYRETV

ONE HOT BOX

Wouldn't it be cool if someone invented a gizmo that could magically deliver porn to your TV without having to store any of that smut in your house? Sort of a Tivo for adult entertainment? Well, *abracadabra!* Once connected to your broadband or DSL provider, the **FyreTV Boxxx** streams a variety of movies and clips at fast speeds with the highest image quality available. The best part is you only pay for the stuff you want and aren't stuck in front of your computer. Instant gratification! Instant pleasure! You could also win a **FyreTV Boxxx** in an instant! See below.

Available at ***FyreTV.com***. Suggested retail price: $9.99 monthly membership charge.

FYRETV CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Who doesn't love a hot box? Win the ultimate porn pal—a FyreTV Boxxx and three months of free service! For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to FyreTV Boxxx Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) YES ☐ NO ☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐ Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video Reviews

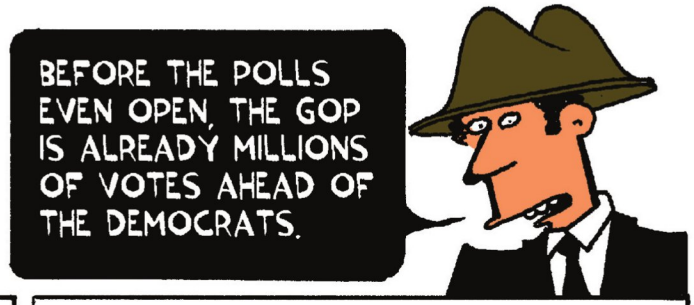
☐ Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐ Other: _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by December 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

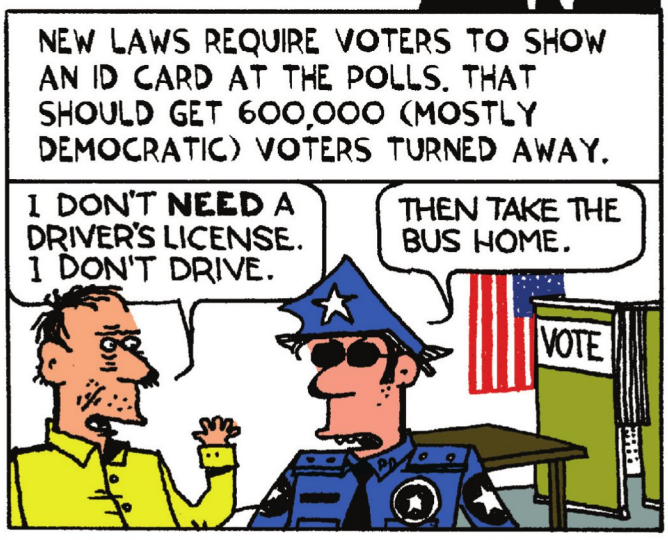
VOTE THEFT FOR IDIOTS

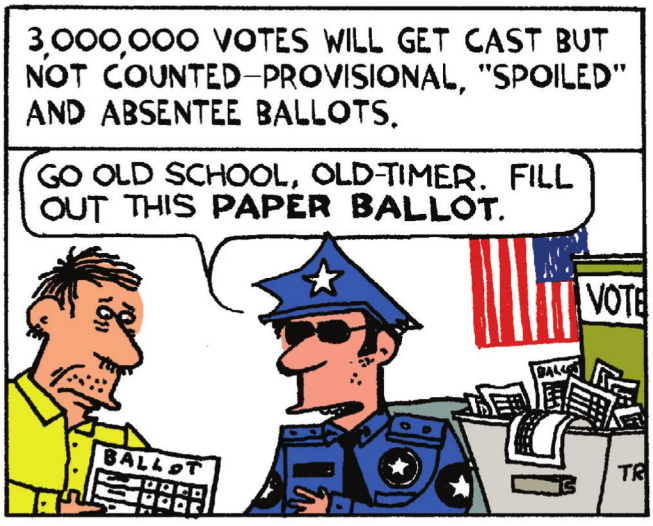
Lesson 5

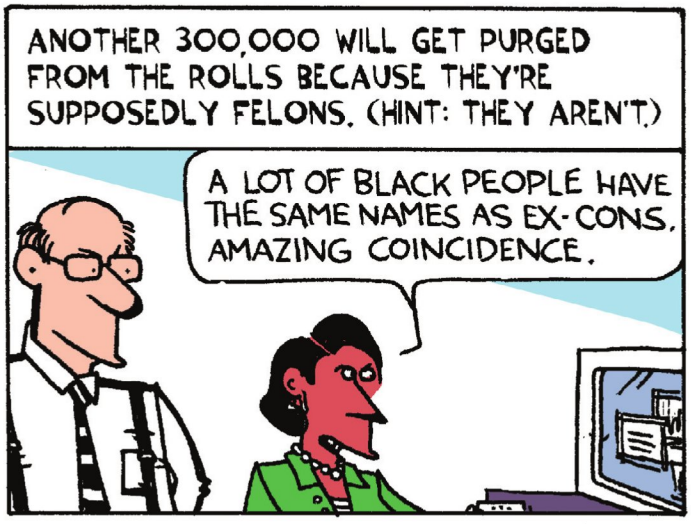
Forget the Diebold machines. The mechanics of vote theft have little to do with electronic voting. Investigative journalist GREG PALAST explains:

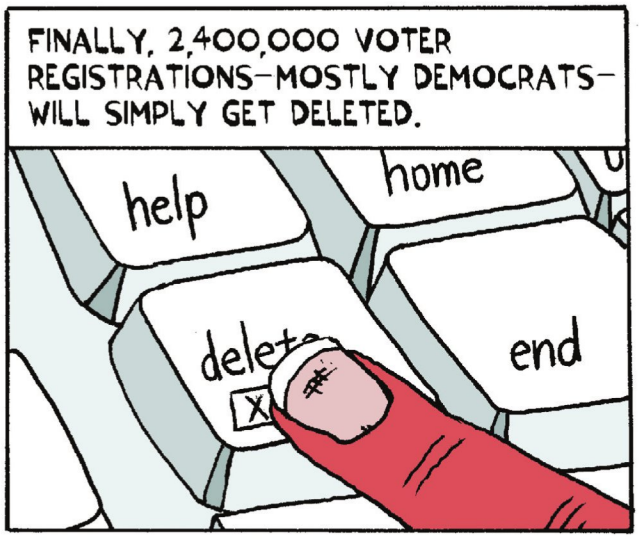


IN 2008, REPUBLICANS EXPECT TO KEEP 6,400,000 VOTES FROM COUNTING OR GETTING CAST IN THE FIRST PLACE. LET'S ADD UP THE NUMBERS.
WE CAN'T GET RID OF DEMOCRATS, BUT WE CAN GET RID OF POOR AND MINORITY VOTERS—MOST OF WHOM ARE DEMOCRATS.


NEW LAWS REQUIRE VOTERS TO SHOW AN ID CARD AT THE POLLS. THAT SHOULD GET 600,000 (MOSTLY DEMOCRATIC) VOTERS TURNED AWAY.
I DON'T NEED A DRIVER'S LICENSE. I DON'T DRIVE.
THEN TAKE THE BUS HOME.
VOTE


3,000,000 VOTES WILL GET CAST BUT NOT COUNTED—PROVISIONAL, "SPOILED" AND ABSENTEE BALLOTS.
GO OLD SCHOOL, OLD-TIMER. FILL OUT THIS PAPER BALLOT.
BALLOT
VOTE


ANOTHER 300,000 WILL GET PURGED FROM THE ROLLS BECAUSE THEY'RE SUPPOSEDLY FELONS. (HINT: THEY AREN'T.)
A LOT OF BLACK PEOPLE HAVE THE SAME NAMES AS EX-CONS. AMAZING COINCIDENCE.



EVEN IF THE GOP IS UNABLE TO DENY DEMOCRATS A VICTORY, THE MARGIN WILL BE SO SMALL THAT THE DEMS WON'T BE ABLE TO CLAIM A MANDATE.
AW, HELL—WHO'D WANNA RUN THIS MESS OF A COUNTRY NOW ANYWAY?
NO MANDATE
NARROW DEM VICTORY
THE END OF DEMOCRACY?

"Maverick" Without Morals

JOHN McCAIN PIMPS HIMSELF OUT FOR THE CHANCE AT WAGING WAR EVERLASTING.

Whatever you believe John McCain was once upon a time, in 2008 he is a dangerous phony who will say anything in his desperation to be elected President. Neutered and pressed, the "maverick" long touted as a man of uncommon integrity and courage is now suitable for framing as a compliant pawn of corporate lobbyists, neocon warmongers, the ultrarich and the religious far right.

It is well known that McCain would be happy if the U.S policed Iraq for 100 years and has long said we should greatly increase the number of troops posted there. Less known is that this supposed "realist" wants to continue his predecessors' systematic shifting of the burden for such foreign adventures onto an overly compliant middle class, even in the midst of what is looking like a historic downturn in the U.S. economy.

The New McCain does not believe judicial due process is a human right to be universally honored.

According to the Tax Policy Center—a nonpartisan, Washington, D.C.-based research group—McCain's tax proposals would mean the nation's richest 0.1% of taxpayers, which includes the Arizona senator and his wife, will pay $269,364 less in annual federal taxes, on average. Compare this to the proposals of alleged "elitist" Barack Obama, who would have the same income bracket pay three-quarters of a million more each year, according to the center's analysis of his proposals.

That's a difference of a cool mil kicked into the national coffers each year by those earning over $2.9 million a year. It would take a *lot* of the rest of us schmoes digging much deeper on Tax Day to make up that kind of bread! Perhaps old straight-shooter McCain can own up to just how he plans to make up such an ugly shortfall?

To be sure, even in the heyday of the "Straight Talk Express," he was never able to live up to the label. Check out his painful waffling on abortion during the 2000 campaign, if you can bear to see a grown man squirm. First he said he was for banning the medical practice except in cases of incest, rape or saving the mother's life, but contradicted this by saying he was opposed to actually repealing *Roe* v. *Wade* because of the danger of illegal abortions. Further muddying the waters was McCain's admission that if his own minor-aged daughter became pregnant, it would be a challenging "family decision" as to whether she would carry the fetus to term.

For some reason, such blatant incoherence has long been played by the national media as the tough talk of a tell-it-like-it-is politician. McCain, however, has never been a true iconoclast as much as a senator who was sometimes capable of taking his job as the taxpayers' representative seriously. While the bar for that is set quite low on Capitol Hill, it still should be appreciated when an official has the dogged nature to expose hyper-costly chicanery.

In probably his finest moment as a senator, for example, McCain ran to ground the Boeing fuel tanker scandal, which led to the conviction and/or resignation of several top Air Force and Boeing officials, as well as a corporate fine of $615 million.

However, it has become clear since his Presidential ambitions came to dominate his political life that McCain is willing to junk his moral positions in order to maintain his status and image with the Republican Party's loony and corrupt fringes. Combined with his advancing age, impulsive nature and abiding faith in war as a solution to humanity's problems, it is obvious he would make a dreadful President.

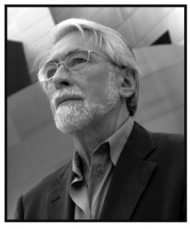
That is particularly true in McCain's positions on the reckless expansion of the American empire, beginning with—but certainly not ending at—the ambition to colonize Iraq. So intent is he on waving the flag of mindless militarism that he will even betray his own experiences and undermine the Constitutional safeguards against torture.

Consider that in a 1974 paper for the National War College on his prisoner-of-war ordeal, McCain wrote of "prisoners being ordered to sit, kneel or stand for long periods of time deprived of rest or sleep" as "torture." For decades, citing moral and practical reasons, he maintained that the U.S. must not stoop to the same level in our treatment of prisoners of war.

Yet now, appallingly, in order to seem tougher than his Democratic rival, McCain has the shamelessness to praise Chief Justice John Roberts for his dissent from the Supreme Court's 5-4 vote to extend habeas corpus protection to Guantanamo prisoners, who have suffered the same and worse. In other words, the New McCain does not believe judicial due process is a human right to be universally honored. "These are people who are not citizens," he said, dismissing the pleading of the tortured.

Well, neither was McCain a citizen of North Vietnam when he was shot down while bombing that country. Wouldn't it have been a good thing if his captors had been restrained by an independent judiciary? And, anyway, isn't the U.S. supposed to be the ethical alternative to ends-justify-the-means regimes like the one we were fighting way back when?

Obama, who strongly supported the High Court's 5-4 majority decision, clearly believes it must be. In turn, we must make sure it is his administration that is in a position to appoint a new generation of justices who actually believe in the spirit of the Constitution.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *Thinking Tuna Fish*; *Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush*; and his latest, *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*

We Need a New George Orwell!

AS AN ENGLISH NOVELIST FORESAW, BIG BROTHER KEEPS GETTING BIGGER AND MORE INTRUSIVE.

During the Presidential campaign, neither candidate has shown any urgent concern for how pervasively this country is becoming what George Orwell envisioned in his futuristic novel *1984*. Nor has there been any marked alarm from the citizenry at the extinguishing of our personal privacy—revealing how conditioned Americans have become to being under the government's unblinking eye.

An exception is the alarm raised in an April 10, 2008, editorial in the conservative *Washington Times*. Titled "D.C. Police State," it condemned the District of Columbia police's "unprecedented access to a city network of 5,200 traffic, school and public housing cameras—now to be used for anticrime and anti-terrorism purposes in the D.C. police closed-circuit surveillance system."

An incalculable number of federal eyes would be able to sift through whatever signals your DNA reveals about your potential to be a risk to America's national security.

The shaken editorial writer asked, "Do we then install cameras inside homes and offices and automobiles?"

Not yet. But no matter who's in the White House and who controls Congress in 2009, another 9/11 or its equivalent—a portable nuclear device detonated in New York City's subway system, for instance—could provide a further negative answer to a recent indignant protest by Andrew Davis of the Libertarian Party: "In America, people should not be forced to assume that they're being monitored by law enforcement throughout the day."

However, I've been alerted by the Washington-based Defending Dissent Foundation about a Justice Department plan that is to be implemented by the end of this year—a grim farewell gesture by Big Brother George W. Bush.

Have you ever heard of the DNA Fingerprint Act of 2005? I hadn't until Sue Udry, Defending Dissent's director, reported that once this proposal kicks in, "federal agencies will be required to collect DNA samples of everyone arrested prior to conviction, when you're still supposed to be considered innocent."

I turned to Vincent Warren, executive director of the Center for Constitutional Rights (CCR), which is often ahead of the ACLU in detecting and opposing government raids on the Constitution. He explained that "at the end of 2005 a little-noticed provision—the DNA Fingerprint Act—was slipped into the Violence Against Women Act (VAWA) reauthorization bill that provided the federal government with broadly expanded powers to collect and permanently keep DNA samples from millions of people. Under this new law the government would collect DNA from anyone arrested for any crime—whether or not they are convicted—any non-U.S. citizen detained by federal authorities for any reason, and everyone in federal prison."

This would, of course, include those dangerous Americans exercising their First Amendment right "peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances" as they denounce an egregious edict like the DNA Fingerprint Act.

If elected President, would Barack Obama go along with this boundless invasion of our privacy, aware that, as CCR attorney Matthew Strugar warns, "DNA is not a simple fingerprint—it contains vast amounts of private medical information the government has no business keeping on us"?

Well, candidate Obama approved the "compromise" Foreign Intelligence Surveillance bill. As the ACLU points out, this legislation is "an unprecedented extension of government surveillance over Americans…[that] permits only minimal court oversight" over any President's serial violations of the Fourth Amendment.

Yet Obama concurred with George W. Bush and both Republican and Democratic leaders in Congress that this compromise "firmly re-establishes basic judicial oversight over all domestic surveillance in the future." A President John McCain, not a notable champion of the Bill of Rights, would hardly disagree.

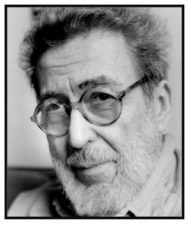
Not only the Justice Department will be able to harvest the most intimate details of your medical records. Reading the fine print of the Justice Department's presentation of this rule in the April 18, 2008, *Federal Register* reveals: "This statute also provides that the Attorney General may 'direct any other agency of the United States that arrests or detains individuals or supervises individuals facing charges to carry out any function and exercise any power of the Attorney General under this section.'"

An incalculable number of federal eyes would be able to sift through whatever signals your DNA reveals about your potential to be a risk to America's national security.

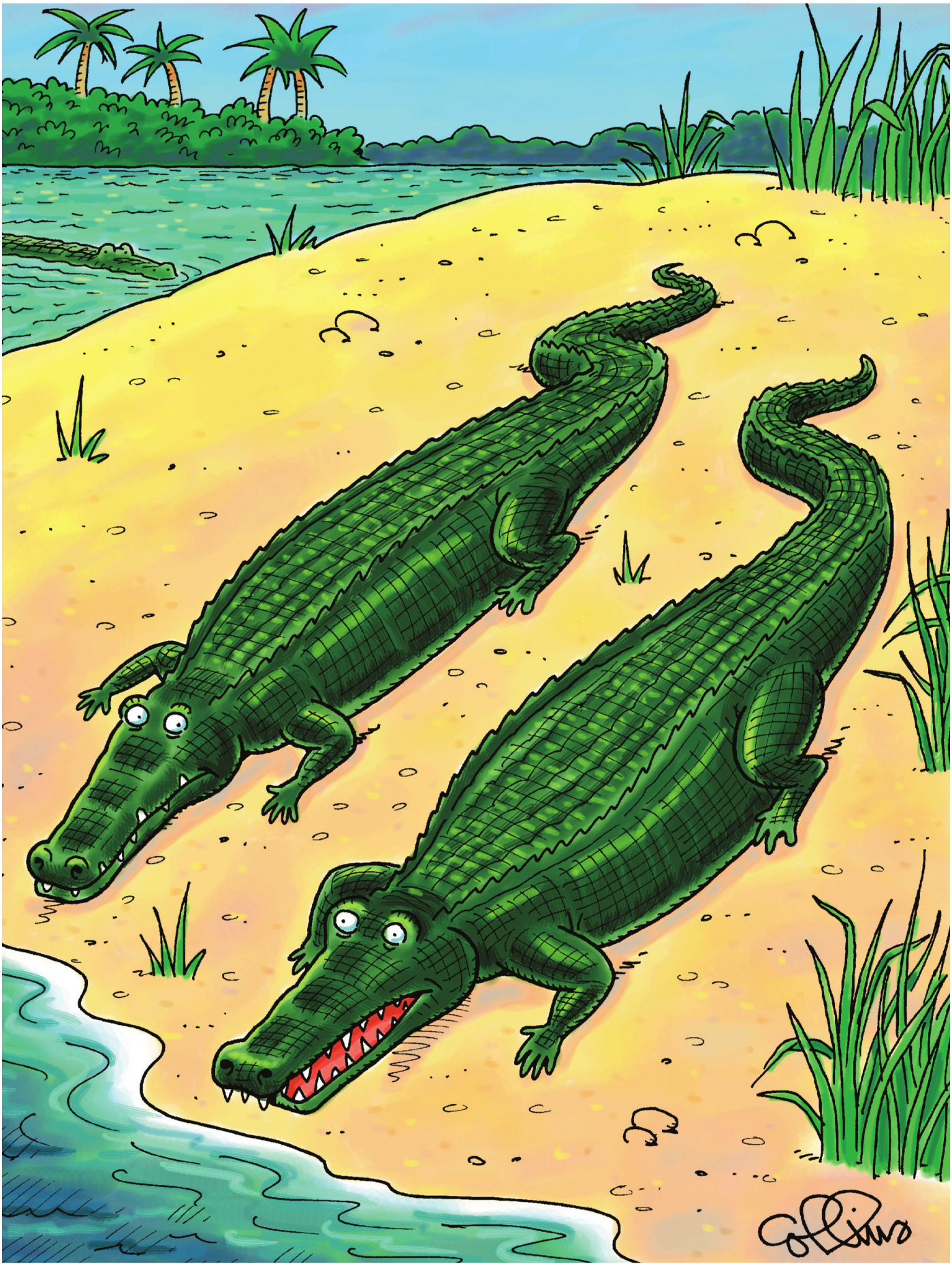
As the climate of fear darkens in this nation, it's not inconceivable that the government could look with interest at a proposal in Orwell's native land by Gary Pugh, director of forensic services at Scotland Yard. In the March 16, 2008, issue of *The Observer*, Pugh summarizes how close we are coming to *1984*: "Primary schoolchildren should be eligible for the DNA database if they exhibit behavior indicating they may become criminals in later life…some experts believe it is possible to identify future offending traits in children as young as five."

But why not go further back? There are now multidimensional sonograms that clearly show the behavior of fetuses in the womb. This might be a new branch of forensics, leading to national security abortions. You think I've lost my marbles? When Orwell's *1984* was first published in 1949, some readers scoffed at haunting passages such as this: "How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate, they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to."

That ain't fiction anymore.



Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"I can't get it up anymore! I think I have Reptile Dysfunction!"

The Perils of Deregulation

THANKS TO A STUPID GOVERNMENT EDICT AND PENNY-PINCHING CORPORATIONS, TERRESTRIAL RADIO IS IN DIRE STRAITS.

Did you know that radio has gone HD? Better sound and many new channels all on one signal? You didn't? That's probably because you, like so many people, don't listen to radio anymore. Listenership is down 14% in the past ten years. Today you listen to your iPod, a CD, Internet programming or perhaps commercial-free music on one of the satellite networks. There are so many better options, especially since your local radio station has done nothing to maintain your interest.

The floodgates were opened, and the rush was on. Broadcast groups gobbled up radio stations faster than you could count. When the dust settled, the winner was Clear Channel Communications with 1,250 AM and FM outlets. Burp!

That's where everything unraveled. In the past, if you owned a station, you competed against all the other stations in your market. They were your sworn enemies. Now they became your compatriots. With some outfits owning as many as eight stations in a market, sales departments were combined, as were marketing, accounting and the like. Even programming was consolidated with, in some cases, a single program director in charge of more than one station. It goes without saying that tens of thousands of broadcast professionals across the country found themselves out of work. All "redundancies" were eliminated.

Clear Channel…has even contributed campaign money to George W. Bush. Not surprisingly, the only hosts allowed on Clear Channel stations are, for the most part, of a right-wing bent.

How did this chasm come about? Back in 1996, President Bill Clinton—in one of his more stupid moments—signed the Telecommunications Act, which deregulated broadcasting. In doing so he changed the way broadcast companies operate.

Until that time, these companies were limited in the number of outlets they could own. The original standard was "the 7-7-7 rule": seven TV, seven AM and seven FM in total, with no more than one outlet each in a particular market. There was one additional proviso: If you owned all three and a newspaper in the same market, you had to get rid of either the newspaper or one of the broadcast outlets. With deregulation, all of a sudden you could own as many outlets as you wanted. The newspaper rule still held, sort of, but Rupert Murdoch of News Corporation (the parent company of Fox) is trying to get that waived too.

What about radio personalities? You can't replace them, right? Enter a nefarious practice known as "voice tracking." For years radio owners had wet dreams over the possibility of automation, but nothing seemed to click…until voice tracking. With this technology the personality comes in to record just his voice. A computer adds the music later. Not only does he do the voice for the shift on his home station, but also for stations in maybe three or four other markets. Now one employee has replaced as many as three others. The station saves even more by paying the jock only for the time actually spent working.

Previously, a live four-hour shift paid for four hours. That same time block now pays talent only for the duration he worked recording the show. Remember, music is added later. Did you know that the personality on your local station isn't even in its studio? Usually the only live shows are in the morning, when a certain immediacy is required.

What if a company owns two stations with the same format in the same market? Before deregulation they would compete, each trying to outdo the other. Now, owned by a single master, the lesser of the two stations is told to hold itself back in deference to the one considered a "cash cow." Cost saving and conglomeration have dragged down a medium that once thrived on competition.

Talk shows remain virtually the only live programming, but even they have replaced hundreds of people because most talk is syndicated by satellite. In the process, localism was killed; talk shows now speak to the entire nation, not your hometown.

Diversity is another casualty: Clear Channel, which makes no effort to hide its politically conservative stance, has even contributed campaign money to George W. Bush. Not surprisingly, the only hosts allowed on Clear Channel stations are, for the most part, of a right-wing bent.

And what about single-station owners? They just couldn't compete with the evil empire. They had to sell. Before deregulation it was independent stations that served America's small towns with local news and other fare.

In time all things become obsolete. Just try to find a pay phone these days. The record store is all but gone.

Terrestrial radio survived the onslaught of television by adapting. This time, however, it may just be the end. Technologically, radio is a wireless medium with higher quality than the Internet or MP3s. But the medium that survived TV may just have been undone by its biggest foe, greed.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

McCain & Abel

I agree with Alex Bennett's position [*The Political Cage Match*, September '08] regarding how the media covers politics: Don't influence it; just report it! But maybe one reason the media tries so hard to create a "cage match" between candidates is that there isn't any meaningful difference between them.

If the media didn't make the candidates look like enemies, we'd all see just how similar they really are. The Democrats swept the last Congressional elections on a platform of ending the war. But instead, they've done nothing but greenlight Bush on everything from war funding to domestic spying. Dennis Kucinich is the only one with balls enough to impeach, and his own party is letting him twist in the wind.

I have to say I've lost faith in both parties. Between McCain and Obama, I hope the latter wins, but I'm afraid that would be just a face-lift. The ugly reality remains: Washington is run by a handful of huge corporations that care only about their global interests and couldn't give a shit about us.

—Jack M.
Arcadia, Florida

R.I.P. 'Em a New One

Alex Bennett's article in the September '08 issue was no doubt written before Tim Russert kicked off, but it was still nice to see somebody reminding us what an annoying dickwad he was. It was a good antidote to all the PC hand-wringing about how much we were supposed to miss Russert. Who misses that arrogant porker? I cheered when I saw the news that he croaked, and I'll cheer when Blitzer, Williams, Carlson and the rest of those idiots join him!

—M. Emery
Mount Vernon, Washington

Bullshit Detector

In response to your June '08 *Publisher's Statement* ["A Question for My Fellow Citizens"], let me say: Americans have become sheep. If this were the 1700s, we would have strung up Bush, Cheney and Rove by now. George Orwell's *1984* scenario is becoming truer every day. We have given up our freedoms for a bogus War on Terrorism. We've sent our workingman jobs to China and India.

As for John McCain, he's a phony moderate so the GOP can keep a stranglehold on America. Mark my words: There will be a draft, and Iran is next if that asshole gets elected. We have sacrificed over 4,000 of our finest Americans in Iraq—and gas is over four bucks a gallon! ExxonMobil would have a shit fit if we all used public transportation for a week.

One more thing: We hear that Iraq will fall apart if we leave. Don't buy into that propaganda bullshit. A government has been established, and if the Iraqis want a theocracy, let them. If it implodes, who cares? It's not worth losing one more soldier's life. America, stand up and be heard!

—Tom Lonardo
Malone, New York

Package Stimulus

Just thought you guys would be happy to hear this: I got my stimulus check in the mail and blew most of it on porn! I look at it this way: I get something I can really use, and the money gets pumped right back into the national economy. After all, who's more likely to keep that money circulating than fast-living porn stars? I saw a news story online that said a lot of people had the same idea I did. It's about time Bush did something useful!

—T. Kenison
Casper, Wyoming

Readers let us know what stirred their July Fourth fervor, so here's another red-white-and-blue shot of firecracker Jayme Langford.

Fired Up

Your pictures of the sizzling Jayme Langford [July '08] are spectacular. I have always argued there is nothing like a good redhead to set a man's loins on fire, but Jayme is hotter than a raging inferno!

I usually read your magazine from cover to cover before deciding on my favorite girl, but this time I didn't make it past the second page of Jayme's awesome spread. I won't go so far as to say that porn has saved my marriage, but that night I fucked my wife like a stallion!

—Bob the Horny Hubby
Topeka, Kansas

Is it just me, or is Jayme Langford the hottest porn star out there? I currently reside at the Northeastern Regional Correctional Facility, and I have Jayme and the good people at HUSTLER to thank for making my nights a little less lonely.

—Joe Peets
St. Johnsbury, Vermont

All in the Timing

I'm a four-year subscriber, and I love your magazine. What prompted me to write was a comic strip in the September '08 issue [*Other Americans Who Should Run for President*] that showed George Carlin with a new list of "Seven Dirty Words." The next day I heard on the news that Carlin had died. One of the words on the list in the cartoon was *death*. Carlin would probably have appreciated the irony of that. We'll miss you, George!

—Lise McCrerey
Clearwater, Florida

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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★The end of the world is rapidly approaching.★
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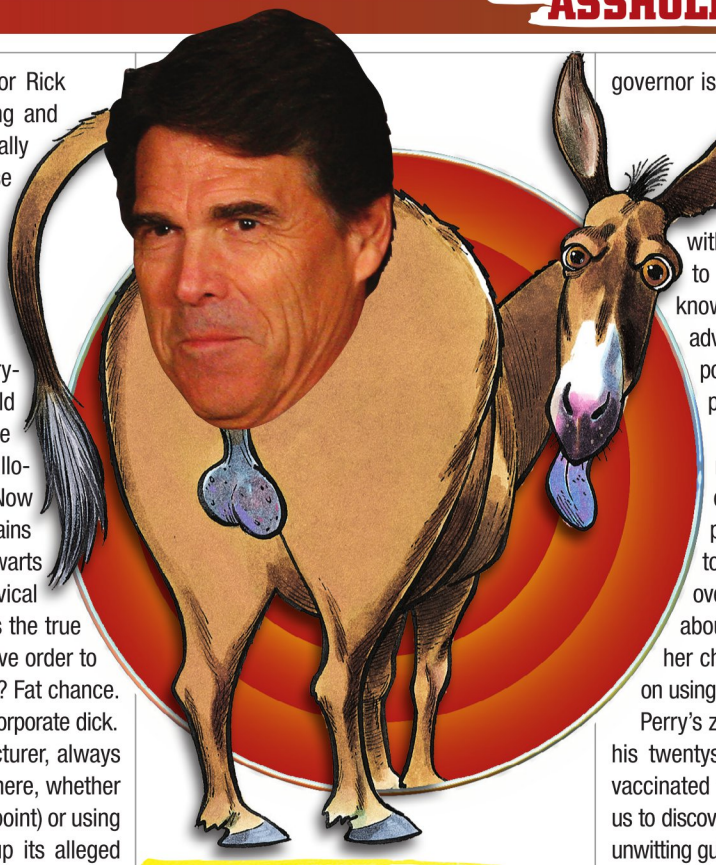
Here at Exxon
we couldn't be happier.
Our profit margin has never been higher. We are going to suck every nickel out of you, the American consumer, till the end of days. Along the way we're going to destroy the environment while contributing to global warming. Why are we doing this? Because we can! We are greedy, shortsighted and don't give a fuck! Plus, it's making us all filthy rich! Life is short; live it up while you can!

HUSTLER parody: This is not a real ad. This is your future. If we let oil companies like ExxonMobil keep destroying the world in which we live, life as we know it could be over in as little as 90 years. For more info check out **ExposeExxon.com**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



Rick Perry

To describe Texas Governor Rick Perry as snarky, scheming and slimy is being nice. Totally lacking in morals or even a sense of shame, this well-connected Republican will do virtually anything (no matter how repugnant) to curry favor with Big Business—and to line his own bank account.

Perry's latest bit of insanity? Trying to force all 11- and 12-year-old girls in the Lone Star State to be inoculated with the human papillomavirus (HPV) vaccine Gardasil. Now don't get us wrong: Preventing strains of the virus that causes genital warts and can manifest into deadly cervical cancer is commendable. But was the true motivation behind Perry's executive order to safeguard his young constituents? Fat chance. It was to suck Merck & Co.'s big corporate dick.

Merck, the vaccine's manufacturer, always seems to be popping up somewhere, whether snuggling up to the GOP (case in point) or using public relations firms to cover up its alleged complicity in the deaths of thousands of Americans. (Merck's arthritis drug Vioxx was recalled in 2004 after being linked to numerous fatal heart attacks.) Its big Texas push for Gardasil seems likely to precipitate yet another major pharmaceutical scandal.

How can we be so sure that Democrat-turned-Republican Perry is in Merck's pocket? Let's count the ways: One of the governor's former chiefs of staff worked for the company and was allegedly paid $250,000 just to lobby Gardasil to the Texas legislature. The mother-in-law of Perry's current chief of staff has also been pinned to Merck's HPV lobbying network.

But we're not finished: The three-injection vaccine comes with a bountiful $120-per-shot price tag, which isn't covered by most health insurance providers, possibly because Gardasil ran into problems in the testing phase that went conveniently underreported. In fact, doubts have since abounded regarding the vaccine's actual effectiveness, not to mention its potential long-term side effects. Adding insult to injury, Perry is opposed to universal healthcare coverage, which, theoretically, could cover the cost. Hey, Slick Rick, answer us this: Are you asking Texans to pay your corporate cronies $360 per child so Merck can experiment on them?

Although the Texas legislature threw a speed bump in front of his executive order, Perry still insists that mandating the Merck vaccine "makes good economic sense." Yeah, you know what really made economic sense to Perry? Merck donated thousands of dollars to his 2006 reelection campaign. Anybody want to bet that Perry doesn't go to work for the pharmaceutical giant after he retires from politics?

Even Perry's conservative Christian following is pissed about his actions. While opposing abortion rights and stem-cell research, the governor is championing a vaccine for a sexually transmitted disease. Yep, as God-fearing Christians see it, this supposedly religious man—just to stay cozy with Merck—is giving kids permission to have sex before marriage. You know things are shady when a politician advocates an STD vaccine *and* supports the teaching of abstinence in public schools.

It took the Texas legislature months to be persuaded that Perry's drug mandate was in violation of parents' civil liberties; i.e., the right to teach their little girls abstinence over protection. No mention was made about a parent's right to protect his or her child from a greedy corporation bent on using kids as test subjects to turn a profit.

Perry's zeal makes us wonder if he ordered his twentysomething daughter Sydney to be vaccinated with Gardasil. It wouldn't surprise us to discover he allowed his own child to be an unwitting guinea pig. Then again, it wouldn't surprise us if he allowed only other parents' kids to be shot up with the possibly hazardous drug.

Still don't think Perry is an Asshole? This clenched anus was a staunch defender of Texas's infamous—and now blessedly defunct—antisodomy law, which he called "appropriate." Perry tangled with the American Civil Liberties Union over barring homosexuals and their children from the Boy Scouts of America. He rammed through the construction of 11 coal-burning power plants, a relatively inefficient energy source that catastrophically pollutes the atmosphere. He also vetoed a bill that would have prevented mentally retarded criminals from being executed in Texas.

Governor Rick Perry doesn't give a shit about Texans or anybody else. He cares only about his reelection and future retirement fund. Weasel? Scheming liar? Corrupt hypocrite? Sounds like his predecessor, George W. Bush. And we all know how well *that* worked out.

FARTS IN THE WIND

• **MIKE ERICKSON**, an Oregon Republican, has failed three times since 1988 to win a seat in the U.S. House of Representatives. Back to try again in a 2008 primary, he embraced the tired Bush platform: abstinence education and pro-life/anti-abortion. But get this! According to Kevin Mannix, the fatcat loudmouth's opponent, Erickson allegedly knocked up his girlfriend in 2000 and threw $300 at her to get a quickie abortion. Erickson later acknowledged dating the woman in question, but said he had no idea her "medical help" involved getting rid of his unwanted child. Erickson, who was also accused by Mannix of throwing wild cocaine parties, became so embarrassing that he lost the support of fellow conservative Republicans (including Oregon Right to Life). Maybe it's time for Erickson to abort his political career.

• **DISTRICT JUDGE JEFFRE CHEUVRONT**, while presiding over a sexual assault trial in Nebraska's Lancaster County, ordered the alleged victim not to use the word *rape* when she testified. On top of that, this gibbering excuse for a jurist also forbade the woman, her lawyers and the prosecution from using the words *sexual assault*, *victim* and *assailant*. He even excluded mention of the rape kit used by the police. Judge Cheuvront made his decision following a motion by the accused rapist's attorneys, who whined that these loaded words would unduly influence the jury.

KATHY GRIFFIN'S NEW ACT TAKES HER FROM THE D LIST...
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BIG HARD COCK...
EXCEPT A BIG HARD COCK COMING IN MY MOUTH!
GULP...GULP...GULP...
TO THE F LIST... FUCKABLE!
Tuosley

Jenna Haze

Hillary Scott

Bree Olson

Amber Lynn & Nina Hartley

PHOTOS BY CARY RADCLIFFE

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

THEY'RE ALL WINNERS

FOR THE 24th year in a row the X-Rated Critics Organization (XRCO) held its porntastic awards show. Winners of the coveted heart-shaped slab of wood included Sasha Grey, Female Performer of the Year; Jenna Haze, Orgasmic Oralist; Hillary Scott, Orgasmic Analist; and Bree Olson, New Starlet and Cream Dream. Congrats to all. Now please get back to work. We're horny for new porn.

JUST HUMOR US!

WE LOVE A slice of fresh pie! If you agree, then check out the latest issue of HUSTLER HUMOR. Besides being packed with hilarious comics, jokes and cartoons, there's a hot MILF on the cover. *Mmmm*, pie. If you can't find HUSTLER HUMOR at the newsstand, send a $10 check (payable to LFP Publishing Group, LLC) to LFP Back Issues, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. For credit card orders, e-mail *BackIssues@LFP.com*. International orders not accepted.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

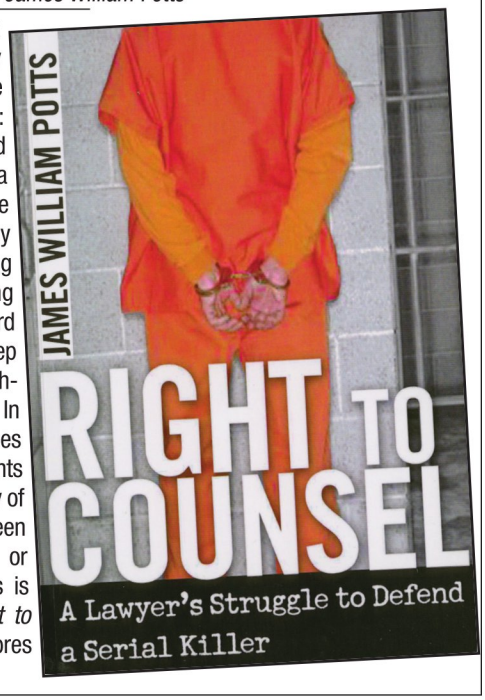
SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

Right to Counsel

A Lawyer's Struggle to Defend a Serial Killer

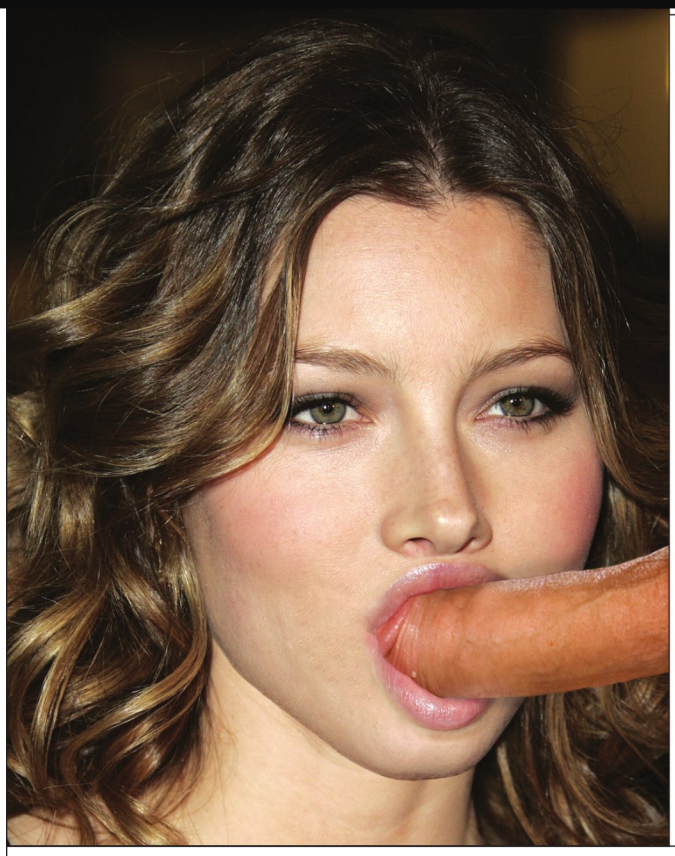
by James William Potts

IN THE 1970s a fledgling attorney was faced with the ultimate dilemma: use evidence he'd found to help free a drug-addicted inmate convicted of brutally raping and killing children and young women…or disregard the evidence and keep the maniac languishing on death row. In his first book, James William Potts recounts the nightmarish story of a lawyer torn between going by the rules or doing what he feels is right. Look for *Right to Counsel* at bookstores everywhere.



"My notion of a wife at 40 is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two 20s." —WARREN BEATTY, ACTOR

"Despite a lifetime of service to the cause of sexual liberation, I have never caught a venereal disease, which makes me feel rather like an Arctic explorer who has never had frostbite."—GERMAINE GREER, FEMINIST/WRITER



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Jessica Biel* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

AT THIS MOMENT in time there is no hotter chick on the planet than actress Jessica Biel. Those tits! That ass! Not to mention her perfect, pouty lips crammed full of cock! Wow!

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Jessica Biel actually exists. Right? Because if any of you guys have a shot like this, we need to see it. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Except for masturbation. That is serious business.

NEWS BABES

HEATHER SKOLD delivers the hard news on ABC affiliate KRDO (Channel 13) in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Even better, the ruby-lipped anchor/reporter makes male viewers in the Rocky Mountain State rock hard night after night. Thanks to R.M. of Colorado Springs for submitting heavenly Heather.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

DURING OUR exclusive interview with Ice Cube, he never smiled. That was until we handed him a copy of HUSTLER! Check out our Q&A with the rapper/actor, beginning on page 56.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

NEWSBITES

Father of the Year?

This story reminds us that you should always buckle up. Just make sure if you have a kid and a precious commodity in your vehicle, take the proper precautions. An Australian motorist was busted recently, but not for driving drunk. After pulling the bloke over, police discovered a case of beer secured by a seatbelt and his unrestrained five-year-old son sitting on the floor of the car. Daddy should have done the right thing and put the whippersnapper in the trunk.

Panty Raid

Who was that pair of masked men caught on film robbing a Colorado convenience store recently? Police want to know. What we want to know is why they chose to wear thong panties while pulling off the heist. That's right, the daft duo donned women's undies as disguises. We all want to spend our day buried in a chick's crotch, but this is ridiculous.

Hey, Bartender!

We told you never trust a wasted woman! Just a few days after getting married on a beach, a Cuban woman left her new husband for a bartender she'd met at the reception. The hapless groom should have known there was a problem when the barman kept offering his new bride sex on the beach.

Life's a Beach

Speaking of fun in the sun, a North Carolina beachgoer was so bothered by some wind flaring up that he had to do something drastic. Instead of simply heading home or shifting his umbrella to block the annoying gusts, the guy dug an eight-foot-deep hole and climbed into it along with his beach chair. Sadly, the hole collapsed, covering the dimwit in over five feet of sand. Nothing ruins a nice summer day like being buried alive in five feet of sand.

PORN FROM THE PAST

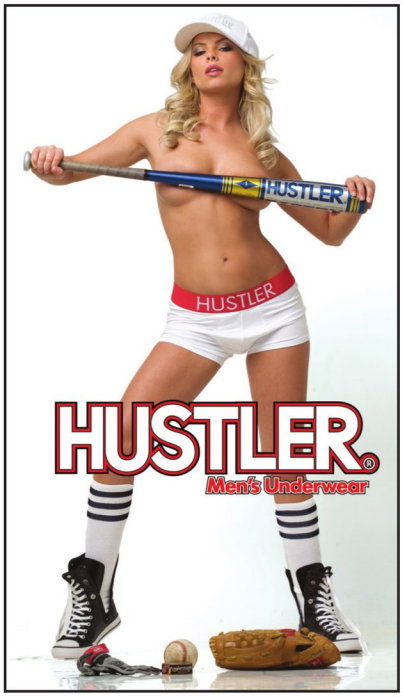
THANKS AND $100 go to E.S. of Cleveland for this "batty" photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

Sign of the Times

THE FUNNY PART is that this license plate was on the back of a condom company's delivery truck. Not really, but thanks to contributor M.V. of Sherman Oaks, California, anyway.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER's Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

FUCK CALVIN KLEIN!



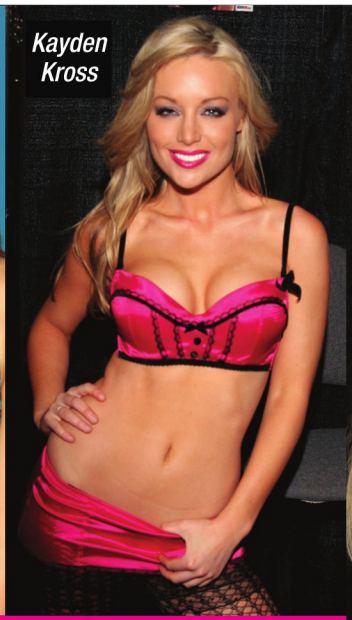
FOR YEARS you've been trying to get chicks in your pants. Now HUSTLER Lingerie is here to help. It just launched a line of men's underwear that will look great on your girl. What a no-brainer! The toughest choice you'll have to make is boxers or briefs. Visit **HustlerLingerie.com** or drop by a HUSTLER Hollywood store near you.

"I am a marvelous housekeeper. Every time I leave a man, I keep his house." —ZSA ZSA GABOR, ACTRESS/GOLD DIGGER

HOW DO YOU LIKE DEM APPLES?

LONGTIME HUSTLER contributor Lorenzo Sperlonga's new book *Poison Apples* needs to be on your coffee table. It's packed with 84 pages of illustrations inspired by some of the sexiest ladies in the world, including Tera Patrick, Aria Giovanni and Taylor Wane. Also featured are many of the lifelike pinups that Lorenzo provided to HUSTLER in 2006 and 2007. Take a bite. *Poison Apples* is available at **Heavy-Metal.net** and book retailers everywhere.

Nautica Thorn


Kayden Kross

Lexi Tyler

Ellizabeth Starr

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

ADULT BEHAVIOR

HERE'S THE DRILL: Go to an ATM, take out a couple of hundred bucks and drive to the L.A. Convention Center. Pay the ridiculous admission charge and enter. Then get in line with hundreds of other guys so you can fork that money over to some chick you'll get to talk to for maybe 45 seconds. Welcome to Adultcon! The twice-yearly expo is a chance for die-hard fans of porn stars to share a little quality time with the women they love… and hand over their hard-earned cash.

"God is in my head, but the devil is in my pants." —JONATHAN WINTERS, COMIC

GREEN WITH ENVY

The Incredible Hulk

Manufacturer: Sega

Format: PS3, PS2, Wii, DS, Xbox 360 & PC

With all apologies to Lou Ferrigno, the new *Hulk* movie kicks ass! This video game based on it doesn't disappoint either. You are the transformed Dr. Bruce Banner ripping through a cityscape, fighting awesome enemies and wreaking havoc. A phenomenal third-person action game, ***The Incredible Hulk*** really makes you feel like the green superhero. Hulk smash! Good!

BE A GOOD SPORT

Deca Sports

Manufacturer: Hudson Entertainment

Format: Wii

This new game exclusively for the Wii does not feature car crashes, explosions, killer aliens or scantily clad hookers. However, ***Deca Sports*** is a helluva lot of fun and a solid workout. Taking the nifty Wii controller, you can immerse yourself in ten sports, including kart racing, basketball, curling and archery. Select your teams based on individual strengths and go for the gold without having to worry about the Chinese violating human rights.

WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOING ON

Enemy Territory: Quake Wars

Manufacturer: Activision

Format: Xbox 360 & PS3

You know ***Quake***, the ultrapopular, multilevel, first-person shooter game. This chapter, a prequel to *Quake 2*, is set in the year 2065. You are a member of the allied troops of GDF, which are pitted against a sinister new axis of aliens called Strogg. The farthest things imaginable from the lovable E.T., these mutated invaders are hell-bent on destroying Earth—and guess who has to stop them. With its stunning and intuitive game play, ***Enemy Territory: Quake Wars*** is sure to become your new addiction.

HIT THE ROAD, JACK!

Grid

Manufacturer: Codemasters

Format: PS3

The guys who created the popular racing game *Dirt* have taken their savvy to a revved-up new level with ***Grid***. Choose from dozens of car options, courses and conditions. This game will make you sweat. Strap yourself in! It's time to burn some serious rubber.

Lit
LISA NEILS

tle Miss Sunshine

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

This photo-shoot is a dream-come-true for me," says lovely **Lisa**. "I have always wanted to show off my body in HUSTLER. It's so cool that we actually took these pictures in my back-yard. After all, it's my favorite place to have sex. I love doing it outside under the blazing sun. That's why there's a couch on the patio. Living in California allows you the chance to be more free."

Having an exhibitionist close by is always a plus, but **Lisa**'s neighbors need a periscope or stepladder to catch the newbie au naturel. "I have this high fence all around my property," she explains with a laugh, "so the neighbors can't see anything. Unless I invite one of them in, which has happened more than once."

Whether a neighbor or other lucky stiff is invited in, the babe demands that a boy toy measure up. “He has to be kind, funny and have big hands,” Lisa lays on us. “I love being manhandled. He should not be possessive or hung up on commitment. Nothing turns me off quicker than a needy guy. I’m a free spirit.”

LISA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 118

"Bigfoot, honey, we can't go on meeting like this. I hate snakes, mosquitoes are eating me alive, and you've given me fleas!"

NEW WAY TO BRING BACK THE OLD SIZZLE

I watched intently as Emma rimmed my boyfriend. Kneeling behind him on the bed, the blonde spread his ass cheeks with both hands and dove in tongue-first. No preliminaries. She simply dicked her taster in and out of his poop chute. And my boyfriend? Well, he fuckin' loved it. Brent's cock was harder, thicker, longer than I had ever seen it. It was beautiful.

Emma's move to his nuts was accompanied by sloppy sucking noises. She nursed on one heavy ball, then the other, before using her fingers to stuff both into her mouth at once!

Watching her, *my* mouth actually started watering. And I had to smile because my anniversary present, it seemed, was a huge success. See, Brent and I have been living together for one whole year now. At 23 I had never had a relationship last more than six months, and after six months with Brent I started to understand why. We got stuck in a rut, fucking on the same days of the week in the same old ways—mostly missionary. Sex had become boring with a capital *B*. I wasn't all right with that. Fuck! I wasn't middle-aged. I wasn't even married.

Sure, I loved my boyfriend, but I was becoming restless. My eyes started wandering, scoping out butts and bulges on the street. To save our relationship, it was time to take action.

So one night, while Brent was working overtime, I checked out his secret porn stash—the one he didn't know I knew about, hidden in the bottom of his tool chest. Our anniversary celebration was right around the bend, and I was determined to make sex sizzle again. All I had to do was find out what did it for Brent. What I discovered was an eye-opener—DVD after DVD focused on one theme: threeways. They were mostly two girls, one guy, but some were kinky—golden showers, bondage, etc. I had my answer. Now all I needed was a third bedmate.

Emma knelt on our bed, steel handcuffs dangling from her fingers. She looked powerful, magnificent.

Emma immediately sprang to mind. Her lush curves, all-over tattoos and piercings were something else. We occasionally worked together on films and videos—both of us being makeup artists—and on those days my panties soaked through with pussy juice. There was something sexy and naughty about Emma, and when she looked at me, my skin tingled. I wondered if she'd help me surprise Brent.

It didn't take me long to find out. Emma and I had a job together the very next week. At lunch I plucked up the courage to ask her. In reply, she reached out, pinched one of my nipples through my shirt and twisted—hard. Right there in the lunch tent!

All the details were hashed out over the next few days, and I gave Emma an extra apartment key. The plan was she'd already be in our bed by the time Brent and I made it home from our anniversary dinner.

Surprise! Brent's jaw practically dropped to the floor as we stepped into our bedroom. Dressed only in a few black strips of leather and spike heels, Emma knelt on our bed, steel handcuffs dangling from her fingers. She looked powerful, magnificent.

"Happy anniversary!" I whispered, and Brent fell to his knees and crawled over to the blonde. Soon she had him cuffed and on all fours, and that's kind of where I began this letter.

My boyfriend's boner was so damn hard, I could see the veins pulse. Climbing onto the mattress, I blew hot air all over his throbber, then jabbed my tongue into his piss slit. Moaning, Brent collapsed onto his side, and Emma and I teamed up to give him one helluva kinky blowjob.

I sealed my lips tightly over Brent's crown and waited. Emma slapped my man's ass, whereupon his log jammed deeper into my throat. With every whack, I suctioned his meat to the base, then slipped back to the dick cap to await Emma's next slap.

There was no way Brent could hold out for long. Inside of 20 hard whacks he was climaxing. Emma joined me around front as his jism blasted into the air like a geyser, then splattered down on our faces.

Emma and I lapped each other clean while Brent watched. By the time we were done, his pecker was hard again. Still, we made him wait through a little pussylicking, 69-style, before fucking him. Did he mind? Not if the smile on his face was any indication. Which just goes to show, sometimes it takes a threeway to make a couple happy. —T.L.

Los Angeles, California

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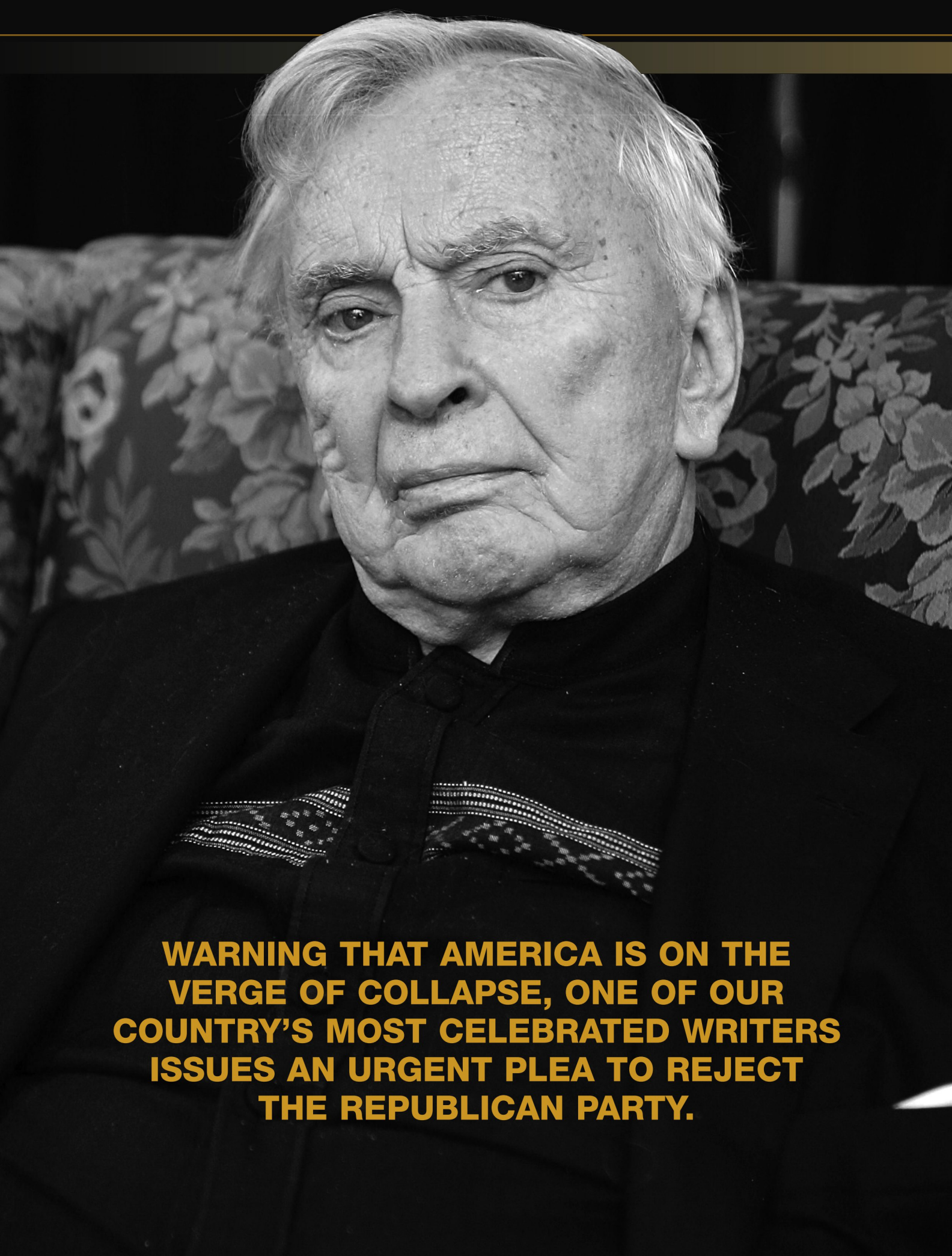


WARNING THAT AMERICA IS ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE, ONE OF OUR COUNTRY'S MOST CELEBRATED WRITERS ISSUES AN URGENT PLEA TO REJECT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

GORE VIDAL

"STOP THE WARS!"

Gore Vidal is universally recognized as a national treasure. Born in West Point, New York, and raised in Washington, D.C., he began his literary career at the age of 19, producing a string of acclaimed novels, notably *The City and the Pillar*, *Myra Breckenridge* and *Lincoln*.

Vidal became known for his frank views on sex and America's moral hypocrisy. Reflecting his own reputation, he has said sex is a continuum, with everyone prone to varying degrees of preference.

In addition, Vidal has also relied on his wit and intellect to skewer the political establishment while exposing the nature of power and ambition. Now 82, America's premier man of letters has railed against the crimes of the Bush Administration and the neocon takeover of the U.S. in such recent best-sellers as *Dreaming War: Blood for Oil and the Cheney-Bush Junta* and *Imperial America: Reflections on the United States of Amnesia*. The venerable wordsmith's latest book is *The Selected Essays of Gore Vidal*.

HUSTLER: Over the years you've delivered your own annual State of the Union address to counter the President's. What *is* the state of the Union in 2008?

GORE VIDAL: Not good. I've never seen it so messed up as it is now. The haves and have-nots are divided in a way that they've never been before in my lifetime, and I can remember the 1920s and the '30s. There were rich people then, but there was never such a division. And I noticed that even the dumb-dumb press has picked up on class. I've never seen that word used in an American election. Even they've got it.

Are you still a committed Democrat?

Yes. I really believe, quite firmly—and with each passing day more strongly—that the Republican Party must be removed from the United States of America. It is not a political party in any usual sense; it is a mind-set of like-minded people who don't like blacks, don't like Jews, don't like this, don't like that. But they only express such among the racquet crowd or when they're playing squash.

I've always known that since I belonged to that class, but I've never seen them as totally unsound as they are now. I listen to [John] McCain whenever he's on. [He is] as ridiculous a figure as has ever been proposed for President; he knows nothing. He's sort of George W. Bush writ large, perhaps even smaller. Every time that goon starts to talk about radical Islam, it's as if he's talking about Hitler. Everything he says about the Islamo-terrorists is pure nonsense. I believe that the Republican Party in America is everything that McCain says the Muslims are. It's a killer party constantly at war.

So the Republican Party doesn't believe in democracy?

They never did. They believe in money, order, keeping the lower orders down.

It seems that no matter how many truths are presented, the Republicans will maintain the same old lie and get away with it.

Well, this is the era of [Karl] Rove. He may be gone from the White House, but they're still playing by his book. You don't have to teach Americans how to lie; they seem to be born knowing it, but lying has now become a major art form. It used to be creative writing. And you see, the thing about this country and the way publicity is manipulated, there is no lie that you can tell that you will ever be called on. It's really a very unpleasant country. And I think that's more and more obvious to more and more people.

For a lot of people, politicians like George W. Bush and John McCain embody the tough-guy/cowboy approach that is part of American mythology.

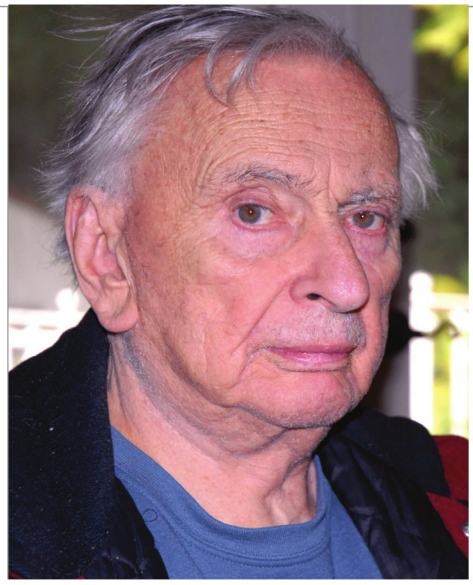
But [the people] have no knowledge of history. What have they got to measure anything against? [There was] the constant lie about Saddam Hussein being part of al Qaeda and [that] he bombed New York! That is a tragic story because he was a great frontman for us in that part of the world.

Who *was* responsible for 9/11?

American foreign policy, I suppose. They ticked off Osama bin Laden. I

PHOTO BY ROBYN BECK/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

tend to believe his many comments on the subject, trying to get credit for it and so on. He's the usual pig when it comes to PR. And I quite believe him [when he says], "Get your troops out of the Holy Land." Americans can't conceive of "holy land." I mean for all the dumb religion Americans wallow in, they're not religious at all. It was fascinating watching His Holiness here. I watched the whole thing on television. He's a dicey person, but he's Pope. He's authority; Americans were just coming in their pants. Here was the Vicar of Christ on Earth, the heir of Peter, and oh boy, he's a good actor too, and he learned a lot from his predecessor. You saw a people dying for authority, just dying to be told what to do. Except they don't know what to do. Lose weight, I guess, is the only thing that's really in their heads.



Are Americans aware they're being lied to?

They pick up a lot. You should run for office sometime. I spent a couple of years on my first campaign for the House in Upstate New York and then a year and a half on the race for the Senate here [in California]. I got half a million votes saying exactly whatever popped into my mind. It worked perfectly well.

"I believe that the Republican Party in America is everything that McCain says the Muslims are. It's a killer party constantly at war."

As long as you don't deliberately bore them, I think Americans will pay attention. They have their likes and dislikes, and it's hard to generalize the population. Mr. Rove knew how to do it, but he worked very narrowly. He was thinking about elections; he was not thinking about what the people want. "Was this a good move or a bad move for America?" None of that, [but rather]: "Will my candidate win and by how many votes?" Rove had a kind of genius for our darkest natures. He knew how to play them.

Why do so many Americans fall for that kind of manipulation?

Have you seen the educational system? Have you seen the media? [There's] no education that any proper country would recognize as being education; they don't know any history. Why do you think I've been teaching them history for 40 or 50 years now? This was not my dream. This should have been done by the schools, but the schools don't do it.

And the media doesn't do it.

Worse, it mistakes fiction for nonfiction.

It seems like the corporate media has the same agenda as the corporations that control our politicians.

What's the surprise there? What's a corporation to do? Ever since the 14th Amendment, they're allowed to be entities like human beings. They can sue in the courts as though they were individuals who have been outraged, libeled. And, of course, they're mostly hoods.

You used to appear frequently on TV. Why haven't we seen Gore Vidal lately?

They know that I'm bad news 'cause I say awfully shocking things.

Are you concerned about the Democratic Party moving even farther to the right because of its strong corporate ties?

Well, how could they not be? This is the United States. You're asking corporations to stay out of politics? That's how they make their living.

The United States has been hollowed out intentionally and is now broke. None of this is an accident, is it?

That's a little too conspiratorial for me. I've known low-class families like George W. Bush's. They're just from the gutter with aspirations for the stars. But the whole story about him and his family is told in that weeping jag that his father had on television when Jeb [Bush] was retiring from politics. [Jeb] was supposed to be the President. And the other one just skipped out of line and rushed at it and took it. And apparently [George W.] really is offended that his parents don't like him as much as they like Jeb. They're wistful about Jeb, what he might have done.

I have no great respect for the old man. They are not bright bulbs from the Christmas tree of the American dream. They're the ones that sputter and make that awful sound when they're about to go out. But obviously the old man knows he sent a real lemon to the White House, and there was nothing to be done about it because the old boy was playing the dirtiest politics on Earth. I mean, he picked up Rove out of the dust. And a lot of undesirable neocons.

Junior was their creature, and his father certainly must have known it but didn't like it. His father is, I gather, an old-fashioned WASP with a dislike for the Jews and did not like being bossed around by Tel Aviv or wherever the commands come from. Nor did Dubya at the beginning. He bit back once or twice and decided it wasn't worth the battle.

So you're acknowledging that Israel has a lot of influence on our foreign policy?

Nobody in their right mind would say no. But there are a lot of people who are not in their right mind because it doesn't suit their career moves to say so.

And why we're in Iraq and probably soon in Iran is heavily influenced by Israeli policy as well?

You said this; I didn't say it. But I assume something like that, of course.

And in conjunction with oil interests of the United States?

Yes, and the political aspirations of a bunch of third-raters. Look at Rome—largely the new rich took over. That's the kind of government we've got. But [Bush] is an easy target. The fact that he made it there is interesting. And what is interesting are the Roves, the neocons. This is a little cabal which is not acting in the interest of the American people because the neocons don't know who Americans are, and if they knew, they wouldn't like them. They have great contempt for Americans.

Do you think Americans see through that?

Well, how can you acknowledge anything as traumatic as what has happened to us? I mean you have to realize there's been a revolution. You didn't know what was going on, and you didn't know who was maneuvering it. There was no opposition to it, at least none that anybody seems to have heard.

What is the role of the military-industrial complex?

Well, it governs everything. That's why I go out and raise money and speak for various Congressional candidates, because the House of Representatives [which can vote against military funding] is the only thing we have close to democracy. It's not very close, but it's close. And with people like [Dennis] Kucinich and so on, there's a real chance that good actions can come out of it. So I wear myself out, lose my voice, hoping there'll be a change of heart out there in the great prairie.

It seems as though there are two types of politicians. John *(continued on page 62)*

"That Obama boy? I believe my family owned some of his ancestors!"

RANDI RHODES:

Obama's Her Man!

TALK RADIO'S VOICE OF RAGE & REASON SHOUTS OUT A FINAL CALL TO AMERICA'S VOTERS.

I had talked to Barack Obama during the 2004 campaign, and at that time he was the guy you see now. I think what happened was he was elected to the Senate, where they sat him down and said, "Are you for or against nuclear energy? Are you for or against the war in Iraq?" Then they said, "Well, if you're for, here's your donors. And if you're against, there's your donors." Obama decided he wasn't going to take lobbyist money. He would build a grassroots organization from the ground up.

When Obama says he organized communities, he's not kidding. He knows that all change comes from the bottom up, never from the top down. From the top down you get peanut shells. You just think you're getting peanuts. "Oh, look, there's shells; maybe there'll be something to eat."

But Obama got it fast. He caught on. I watched what he built—a million and a half people on the Internet. That's how he ended up with more than $100 million. I thought, *A guy like that can't be bought.*

A guy like that was determined to be President—but only on *his* terms, which was that he would get there and not owe anybody anything. That's a scary proposition to the usual powers-that-be. They're used to having their hooks in politicians. And this way, it means everybody—all those corporate interests—are against him. I'm very nervous for him, I've got to tell you.

That's why I liked Barack Obama. I watched his stature grow and grow and grow and grow. Look what this guy built.

As for John McCain, he's consistently voted against Veterans Administration benefits and appropriations to VA hospitals, and he skipped the vote on the revised GI Bill because he doesn't want our kids to have an education.

The key to an Obama victory is voter turnout. There's no question that the Republicans are going to cage voters—illegally prevent citizens from casting their votes. And there's no question that the military votes won't get counted because everybody knows the military is voting for a Democrat. So they won't count the overseas votes. There'll be a lot of provisional ballots ignored. People will be challenged at polling places.

It's going to be a tough job, but if the count isn't close, there's a chance. If 70% of registered voters show up to vote for the Democratic nominee and the entire Democratic ticket, the Republicans can't flip the Presidential tally in the middle of the night. That means Obama's margin of victory has to be so big, so overwhelming, the Republicans can't steal the election. They can't rig it. They won't be able to.

So that's why we can't let it be close.

Randi Rhodes grew up in Brooklyn, served in the Air Force as a mechanic, drove an 18-wheeler to pay the bills and went on to become a preeminent figure in progressive talk radio.

TUNE IN TO RANDI RHODES

Following her high-profile departure from Air America Radio, Randi Rhodes was embraced by the Nova M Radio Network. Her daily show can now be heard on the following terrestrial stations, as well as satellite radio's XM Channel 167.

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1450 AM WVAX
Coos Bay, OR
1340 AM KBBR
Dallas, TX
1360 AM KMNY
Denver/Boulder, CO
760 AM KKZN
Huntington, WV
1340 AM WCMI
Ithaca, NY
1470 AM WNYY
Juneau, AK
1330 AM KXLJ
Los Angeles, CA
1150 AM KTLK
Miami, FL
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Monterey, CA
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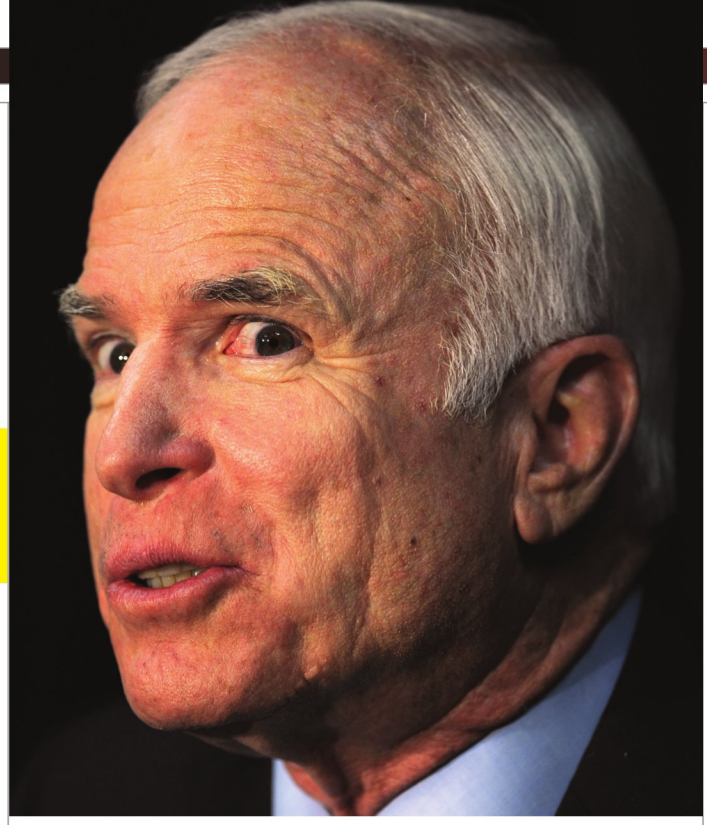
Portland, OR
620 AM KPOJ
Reno, NV
1230 AM KJFK
San Francisco, CA
960 AM KKGN
Santa Barbara, CA
1340 AM KIST
Seattle, WA
1090 AM KPTK
Spokane, WA
1280 AM KPTQ
Washington, D.C.
820 AM 3WT
West Palm Beach, FL
1290 AM WJNO

STRAIGHT TALK ON JOHN McCAIN

20 Reasons NOT to Vote Republican

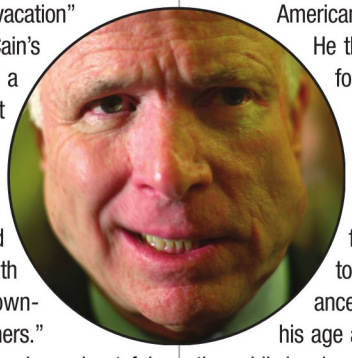


Presidential candidate John McCain, a lifelong Republican, has the support of George W. Bush. Voting for McCain would be the same as voting for a third Bush term. That should be reason enough to support anyone *but* McCain. But if it isn't, here's a rundown of why he's the worst possible choice for President.

1 **McCAIN** likes to promote himself as a maverick, but in reality he is fiercely loyal to the GOP's right-wing party line, voting in lockstep with the Bush Administration 100% of the time in 2008 and 95% of the time in 2007, according to the *Congressional Quarterly*'s Presidential Support study.

2 **McCAIN** claims he works for the people, but his record shows he serves his corporate masters first. He voted for 2005's bankruptcy bill, which was pushed by credit card companies. The new law—now called the Bankruptcy Abuse Prevention and Consumer Protection Act of 2005—means that if you lose your job or get hit by a medical emergency, and your debts overwhelm you, it will be just about impossible to declare bankruptcy and make a fresh start.

3 **McCAIN** wants you to think he's a regular guy, but the real John McCain is a wealthy opportunist who married into money, owns several homes and shows no compassion for homeowners facing foreclosure. McCain blames homeowners for the mortgage crisis, saying they should "do what is necessary," including "working a second job" and "skipping a vacation" to pay their bloated mortgages. The cochairman of McCain's campaign, former U.S. Senator Phil Gramm of Texas, is a longtime lobbyist who has worked to scrap rules that limit the predatory practices of banks. Gramm also blocked legislation—the Emergency Home Ownership and Mortgage Equity Protection Act and the Helping Families Save Their Homes in Bankruptcy Act—that would have bailed out homeowners. Proving that he is utterly out of touch with working America, Gramm has called the economic downturn a "mental recession" and the USA a "nation of whiners."



4 **McCAIN** is a corporate lapdog who couldn't care less about fair wages and the rights of the working man. He voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1990, which was designed to fight discrimination by employers. He voted against stopping employers from interfering in union organizing. He also repeatedly voted against raising the minimum wage until finally voting for a meager increase to $7.25 an hour. The minimum wage still lags far behind the real cost of living and ignores skyrocketing food and gas prices. Dollar for dollar, the minimum wage has less buying power than it did when it was first established.

5 **McCAIN** has helped destroy the U.S. job market by voting for free trade agreements, most notably NAFTA (North American Free Trade Agreement) and CAFTA (Central American Free Trade Agreement). Free trade agreements like these pander to multinational corporations and fuel the loss of U.S. jobs to cheaper markets. McCain has also pushed for the expansion of these agreements and is against including provisions to protect the environment and workers' rights. McCain also voted to allow China into the World Trade Organization despite its ongoing human rights and workers' rights violations.

6 **McCAIN** is a warmonger who will continue the war in Iraq and push for military action against Iran. He supported the Bush Administration's drive for war, which was based on lies, has cost trillions of dollars and is bankrupting the American economy. The wars in Iraq and Afghanistan have resulted in over 4,000 American dead and 30,000 American wounded, while claiming hundreds of thousands of Iraqi lives, many of them civilians. McCain also repeatedly opposed a timetable for bringing the troops home, saying Americans didn't care whether we were there for a hundred years. He then flip-flopped and said he'd pull the troops out within four years if he were President.

7 **McCAIN**'s healthcare plan is actually a strategy to boost the profits of insurance giants like Blue Cross and does nothing to help those who really need healthcare. He favors tax breaks for people to buy medical insurance from insurance companies instead of expanding coverage to the seriously ill and needy. Under his own health insurance model, McCain himself could not be insured because of his age and preexisting medical conditions. His cynical advice to the public has been to "adopt health habits" such as eating better and exercising. In other words, don't get sick.

8 **McCAIN** claims he cares about children and the poor, but he voted against expanding the State Children's Health Insurance Program (SCHIP) in 2007 and defended Bush's heartless veto of the bill. Expansion of SCHIP, which is governed by Title XXI of the Social Security Act, would have provided healthcare funds for less-fortunate children. The Children's Defense Fund rated McCain the worst senator in Congress for children.

9 **McCAIN** ignores the realities of teaching and education. He voted for Bush's No Child Left Behind Act of 2001, which has turned out to be a total failure. The law forced schools to lower educational goals and lacked adequate funding for schools to meet the law's demands. Six

years after it was passed, studies show that the program has done nothing and that student achievement has stagnated, according to the independent Forum on Educational Accountability.

10 **McCAIN** claims to be in favor of keeping corporate money out of politics and wants you to forget that he tried to disrupt a federal investigation of one of his big-money donors. As one of the scandalous Keating Five, McCain took over $100,000 in contributions from Lincoln Savings and Loan chief Charles Keating, then tried to disrupt the investigation of the bank during the Savings & Loan debacle. He was rebuked by the Senate Ethics Committee for his conduct. The Keating Five scandal was widely covered by major news media, including the *New York Times*.

11 **McCAIN** tried to score points with Bush and his corporate cronies by embracing Bush's tax cuts for the wealthy in 2007 after first voting against them in 2001. He also promoted tax cuts for Big Business, including lowering the corporate tax rate from 35% to 25% and parroting Bush's tired mantra that tax breaks for business is a pro-growth strategy. Bush's tax breaks during a time of war are destroying the U.S. economy.

12 **McCAIN** claims to be concerned about global warming and the environment, but he missed every major vote on environmental issues in the current Congressional session. He has also claimed to be in favor of regulating greenhouse gases but has never voted for it. He was ranked by the League of Conservation Voters as the worst member of Congress on environmental matters.

13 **McCAIN** showed his disregard for our basic freedoms when he voted for the USA PATRIOT Act and its reauthorization. The law is unconstitutional, as it strips Americans of many basic liberties, including freedom of speech, the right to freely protest, the right to privacy and protection against undue search and seizure. For more on the USA PATRIOT Act, go to **Action.ACLU.org/ReformThePatriotAct**.

14 **McCAIN** violated a bedrock principle of the U.S. Constitution when he voted for the Military Commissions Act of 2006, taking away habeas corpus for war detainees and making it possible to apply the same unconstitutional standards to U.S. citizens. The loss of habeas corpus means you could be arrested and held indefinitely without being told why and without access to a lawyer.

15 **McCAIN** has adopted the position that America doesn't need to be any better than its enemies when it comes to committing war crimes. Despite being a victim of torture during the Vietnam War, he voted against a bill to ban waterboarding and applauded Bush for vetoing it. Authorizing cruel and unusual treatment not only undermines the principle that the United States does not torture, but also encourages enemies to mistreat captured American soldiers.

16 **McCAIN** trades on his reputation as a war hero, but he was actually a military brat who graduated near the bottom of his U.S. Naval Academy class and eventually lost five aircraft during his armed services career. McCain's dubious war record is documented at **TheRealMcCain.com** and **ForAndAgainst.com**.

17 **McCAIN** claims to be pro-military but has fought to limit a GI bill—officially named the Post-9/11 Veterans Educational Assistance Act—that would pay for veterans to go to college. Arguing that the benefits encourage soldiers to leave active duty, he has sought to cut back benefits and delay the point at which veterans could claim benefits.

18 **McCAIN** is a pro-lifer who opposes a woman's right to choose and has consistently voted in line with the pro-life agenda on abortion and sex-related legislation. Regarding the historic Supreme Court ruling that legalized abortion, he said, "I do not support *Roe* v. *Wade*. It is a flawed decision that must be overturned."

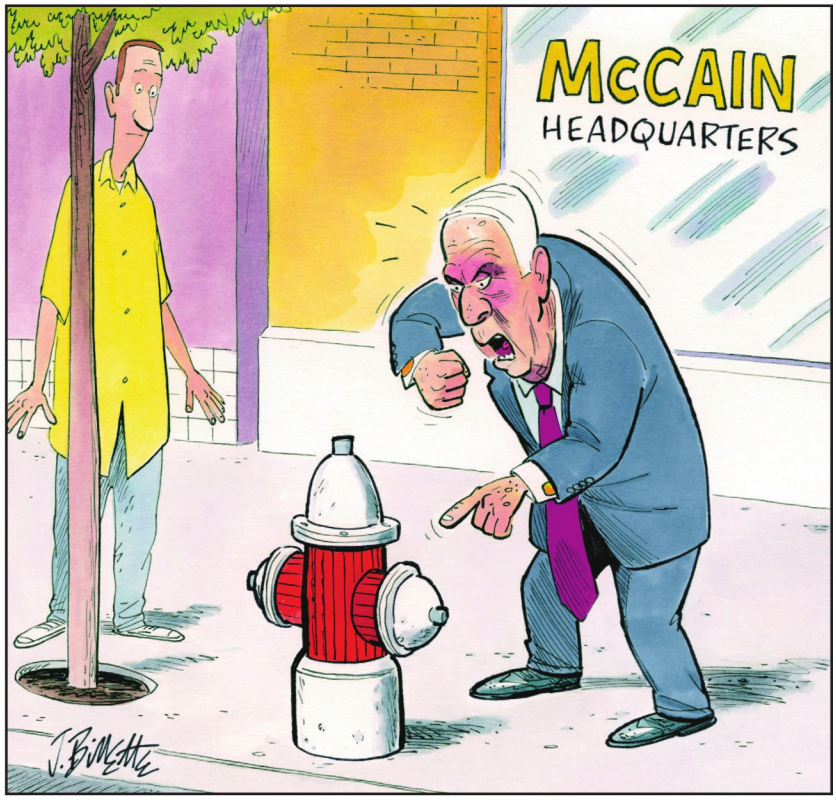
19 **McCAIN** displayed his total lack of judgment and integrity when he sought the endorsement of fundamentalist fanatics Ron Parsley and John Hagee, then backtracked when the endorsements drew public outrage. Parsley has called for holy war against Islam, while Hagee has called the Catholic Church the "Great Whore" and believes the Bible prophesizes the invasion of Iran.

20 **McCAIN** claims to be a nice guy, but by many accounts he's an old-school bigot. He voted in 1983 against creating a federal holiday in honor of murdered civil rights leader Martin Luther King Jr. In an attempt to gain voter sympathy in 2000, McCain said his nay vote was a mistake.

NEED MORE? HERE ARE A COUPLE OF BONUS REASONS!

21 **McCAIN** has a hot temper that earned him the nickname John McNasty. He has a history of verbal assaults and physical intimidation against people who disagree with him, particularly fellow members of Congress. In an April 2008 article the *Washington Post* documented that McNasty's rage has been leveled at Senators Chuck Grassley, Richard Shelby and Bob Smith, among others, as well as GOP operatives and reporters. Those familiar with McCain's dark side, including some in his own party, have said that the idea of John McNasty in the powerful position of U.S. President should frighten every American.

22 **McCAIN** is 72 years old and, if elected, would become the oldest person ever inaugurated as President. Already showing signs of dementia, McCain is plagued by inconsistency, irritability and blatant confusion of facts. Among other things, he has said that Russian leader Vladimir Putin was the president of Germany and repeatedly confuses key details about American foreign involvement—in particular the critical distinctions between the Shia and Sunni in Iraq.



"I'm not too old! ... I'm not confused! ... And stop following me!"

NEW FEATURE!

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

Butt Curious?

A new customer gets hooked on trading places.

I'm really excited to be writing for HUSTLER, so I had to dig deep to remember an especially wild story. So here goes.

You may find this hard to believe, but a lot of the gentlemen who show up here have a big fantasy of *getting* fucked! Of course, since they lack the basic plumbing ingredients, this leaves two basic inputs: the one upstairs and the one in the basement. Seems they always choose the latter!

I swear, if these guys had to be chicks all the time, they'd maybe reconsider the request. But hey, everybody's curious about something, aren't they?

Getting back to my story, I had a guy who picked me for a party (our lingo for a private get-together). I brought him back to my room, and it turned out that Tom was "curious" about getting ass-fucked.

Well, it wouldn't be the first time for me, so I pulled on the old strap-on and got ready for business. While Tom was pulling off his clothes, I started up some conversation that wasn't really intellectual or anything. It sort of went like, "You can't wait to get butt-fucked, can you, you little bitch?" Mean stuff like that, emphasizing that Tom had just surrendered his manhood and was now a slutty "chick" at my disposal.

Just talking like that got Tom so aroused, I thought he was going to pop right there before we even got into it. Of course, it's hard to convince a guy he's a girl when a nine-incher is growing between his legs. Well, you work with what you've got.

I lubed Tom up, all the time keeping up the dirty talk. As soon as I slipped my middle finger into his asshole, he started bucking like a stud horse in its stall. Not very feminine at all, I might add.

Since this was going to be a special job, I called in another of the girls, Becky, to help out with the party. Once she was undressed, Becky hopped onto a chair, spread her legs and started playing with herself.

By that time, Tom was about as feminized as he was going to get...or as I was going to be able to make him. I got up on the bed, steadied my trusty strap-on and—without any how-do-you-do's—proceeded to fuck him BunnyRanch-style. What's that exactly?

Let's just say that I fucked Tom as hard as I could. I was almost afraid that he was going to start screaming bloody murder and ask me to stop, but he didn't. We kept at it until he'd made a big, sloppy mess on the sheets.

As I, uh, disengaged—and Tom was busy catching his breath—Becky decided to make an even bigger mess of things. She got up on the bed, stood over the guy with her legs spread wide and began peeing all over him. As he was getting drenched, we were both asking him how he liked being our "little bitch" and stuff like that.

Apparently, Tom (whose real name I'll keep secret) liked it just fine because he's been busy rebooking with us every week for the past year now.

I guess we're all just naughty girls at heart...even some guys. —*MAYA LOVE*

PHOTOS COURTESY MOONLITE BUNNYRANCH

THE STARS OF HBO'S *CATHOUSE* RECOU

TRUE EROTIC ADVENTURES

Anything for a Friend

Giving the gift that will last a lifetime.

Late one afternoon I was kickin' it in the parlor when these two young guys walked in and sat down. At first I thought I'd be partying with one or both, but it turned out they wanted to get their buddy Jason laid. I was going to be his surprise gift.

The guys made all the arrangements, thanked me and said that they'd be back with their friend the next night and that I should be ready for them. Okay, boys, I'm *always* ready!

The following evening at the appointed hour the two guys showed up with their buddy, and now *I* was surprised. Jason was blindfolded, and I wasn't sure he even knew where he was when his friends introduced him to me. As luck would have it, he didn't get a chance to look at any of the girls in the lineup or get a chance to pick me or anything.

But I'm sure Jason wasn't going to complain. He was about to find out about the BunnyRanch gift certificate his friends had purchased for him. That's something you should all remember when it comes time for friends' birthdays or whatever, and you don't know what to get them. Believe me, most guys—unless they're like that Ned Flanders character from *The Simpsons* TV show—are really going to appreciate such a gift and will remember a BunnyRanch visit for the rest of their lives.

Anyway, I took Jason by the hand and led him to my room. Once I was ready to party, I took off his blindfold. Like I'd suspected, his friends hadn't told him anything about what was going on. He was, like, in total shock.

I talked to Jason for a little bit, explaining what the whole scene was about, then he filled me in on the rest. It turned out that he was a stone-cold virgin and that his friends figured they had better do something to get the poor guy laid before it was too late.

It wasn't like he was bad-looking or anything. In fact, Jason and his buddies were all cute. He was obviously around 19 or 20. Well, you know, if a guy hasn't been laid by that age in this culture of ours, he's a little out of the loop. So Jason's best friends decided to make him aware of what women have to offer in this world.

Still, a lot of times things can get a bit, well, weird with a virgin. It's his very first time and, let's face it, a big event in most guys' lives. Like they say, there's only two times that sex really matters: the first and the last. And I defy you to find a guy who can't tell you, detail for detail, what happened on his first lay.

So there I was, all set to be gentle with this kid and bring him along nice and slow. Well, let's just say that Jason might not have actually done the deed before, but that didn't mean he hadn't done his homework.

Before I could say a word, Jason threw me down on the bed and began peeling off every stitch of my clothes while at the same time struggling to get out of his own. I was like, "Honey, this is my job. Let me do the work." He wasn't having it.

Jason flipped me over so fast, I hardly had time to think. Before I knew it, he was pumping me from behind like a steam hammer. He was really incredible. Geez Louise, it was one of the best lays I've ever had in my life. I think it was because Jason was so into it. He didn't lighten up or stop hammering me until he was finished. Then, while we were both getting dressed, he was really cute and kind of shy and embarrassed.

Jason thanked me as we went out to meet his pals at the bar. They all did that macho thing, giving high-fives and socking each other on the arms and whatnot. It just goes to show that not all guys are selfish pigs like some girls would have you believe. At least Jason and his friends weren't.

—COCO

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

NT THEIR MOST MEMORABLE SEXPLOITS.

Red Menace
NIKKI BROOKS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

They say blondes have more fun. Not true, according to Nikki Brooks. “Redheads are naturally more daring,” the naughty knockout insists. “They tend to be willing to try anything. I mean *anything!* And we’re not self-centered. A blonde will check her hair in the mirror while she’s fucking a guy. A redhead will focus on getting her man off. At least that’s what I always do.”

Focusing on her “very active” sex life, Nikki continues, “I don’t have a favorite position because I love them all,” she asserts. “And I don’t like to have sex just in bed. That’s where my parents’ generation did it. I love to get laid on any surface I can find. Tables are good. Countertops too. Last night this guy I picked up fucked me on the sink, and that was the bomb!”

What is Nikki’s idea of a perfect day? “I get up at around 7 a.m.,” the Los Angeles denizen replies, “and go for a long run to keep in shape. Hopefully, by the time I return, all sweaty, the stud I took home the night before is gone. I take a shower and play with myself while the hot water runs over my body. Then I meet some girlfriends for lunch.”

Nasty Nikki adds, "Afterward, I might cruise a mall and find another hot guy to bring back to my place for some afternoon delight. Later, I'll ditch the dude, hop in the shower and hit a few cool clubs."

What young woman in L.A. (or anywhere else, for that matter) could have a more perfect day?

NIKKI'S VITAL FACTS:
HOMETOWN: Miami, Florida | AGE: 18 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 121

Ice Cube

Voice of the Youth

Ice Cube is a rap pioneer. Ice Cube is a movie mogul. Ice Cube is talking shit to HUSTLER exclusively! Check it out, y'all.

Since leaving the seminal gangsta rap group N.W.A. (short for Niggaz With Attitude) in 1989, Ice Cube can do no wrong. Starting with *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted*, his solo albums have gone platinum, and *Boys N the Hood* opened the door to prominent film roles in *Anaconda*, *Three Kings*, *Friday* and *xXx: State of the Union.* Now the heavy hitter in music and cinema does HUSTLER right by speaking his mind.

HUSTLER: What do you remember about your N.W.A. days?

ICE CUBE: My best memory was that we were doing something constructive. You know what I mean? There were so many things to get into that weren't constructive. I felt good that I was doing something that was not only fun, but also being a part of hip-hop and being respected. Even before N.W.A. it was about finding something to do. Because I grew up in an area [of South Central Los Angeles] where we used to have after-school programs. We used to have Little League. But as soon as I came of age, all those things started leaving the community. We were still into football and basketball, but the parks were closing, and things started to dwindle.

We were looking for more things to get into. You could either get into good shit or get into bad shit. Hip-hop was good even though adults didn't like it. It had a good energy. With N.W.A., I was around people that were making records. We had a style that we knew people in our neighborhood liked, but didn't know people would like around the world. So being West Coast rappers, we went for it! I still haven't come down off that cloud which has carried me on this journey. I'm still riding that same wave that started when I was 17 years old.

When you hear tracks from back in the day, do you recognize that younger version of yourself?

Yeah, totally. I listen to those old tracks, not often, but every now and then. My kids are getting into that kind of stuff now. I'm the same guy I hear on those cuts. Just a very young version of me. At 17 or 18 years old you only know 17 or 18 years' worth of shit. You know what I mean? Twenty years later you know more.

You've collaborated with Dr. Dre, but do you keep in touch with the other N.W.A. guys?

I talk to MC Ren and Yella. Every now and then we get on the phone and try to make things happen. Ren sent me some beats for my new album. Yella is thinking about putting a channel on the Internet network I got called UVN-TV [UVNTV.com]. You know, we keep in contact. We might do some business together in the future.

What was the groupie scene back then?

The groupie situation don't change. (*Laughs.*) They always the same. You got a group that people like, the women gonna be around. Period. I don't know if that will ever stop.

As a family man, how do you deal with groupies now?

I don't give a fuck about groupies no more! Them days is over. I've

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

been in the game over 20 years, man. The whole scene is played out.

Why do you think white suburban kids love hip-hop?

It's the voice of the youth, and I think that's the draw. It's the voice for a kid who might not be able to sing or might not be able to play an instrument. Hip-hop gives them a chance to be a part of music. Rap gives them a chance to express themselves. That is the ingredient that brings all these different cultures together.

Are they drawn to the graphic lyrics?

The youth having a chance to express themselves in the most real and uncensored way possible is the key. When it comes to getting on TV or being in magazines—except HUSTLER, you can be yourself in HUSTLER—most of the world they want to suppress reality if it crosses a certain social line. It's all expression and how people feel. Profanity. Sex.

How did you make the initial transition into acting?

I wasn't even thinking about acting. That was the furthest thing from my mind. I had just left N.W.A. and was trying to get respect as a solo artist. I was just focused on trying to be the best MC in the world. I met John Singleton, who directed *Boyz N the Hood*, when he was just an intern at *The Arsenio Hall Show.* I was backstage, and he recognized me from being in N.W.A. I didn't have a recognizable face at the time, so I knew he had done his homework. He told me he was at USC film school and had a movie I would be perfect for. I was like, "Yeah, right. Sure kid."

Two years later here he come with a script asking me to try it. He had me audition. I was terrible because I hadn't ever read the script. He had me come in again. When I read the script and found out it was about how we grew up, I said, man, I can do this. It's easy. I like the filmmaking process. I like creating on that level. Once I got into it, I never got out.

Why do you think so many of your hip-hop contemporaries—such as Ice-T and Queen Latifah—got into acting?

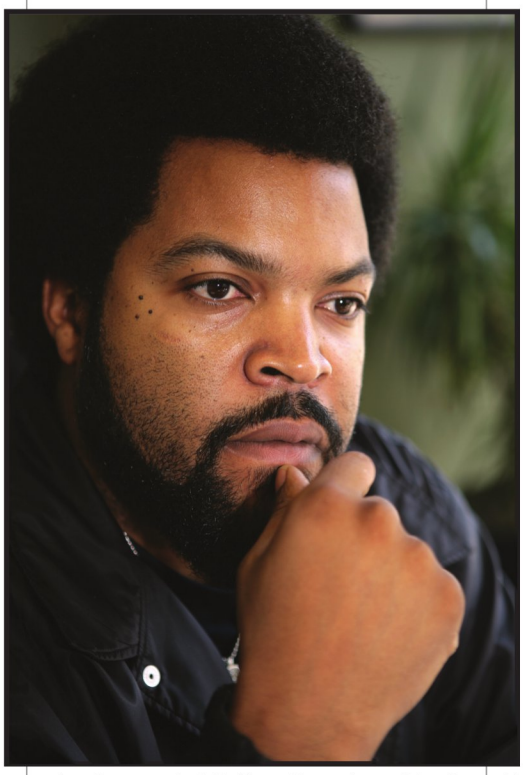
I think if you got the charisma, you should go for it. It's not like brain surgery. Anybody who has it can do it. You could. It's not the hardest thing in the world. You just got to have something that the camera likes or loves. Musicians before us have done it. You go to Frank Sinatra and Elvis [Presley] and on. People like your music and your personality, they might want to see you on the big screen.

What films are you most proud of?

Boyz N the Hood because it was my first film. *Friday* because it's the first one that I wrote and produced. Those two are closest to me. *Three Kings* I'm proud because it kind of took me to another level. *xXx* I'm proud of—*xXx: State of the Union* (*laughs*), not to be confused with the Vin Diesel *xXx* movie. That one also took me to another level as far as an actor and people accepting me as more than just a one-dimensional actor.

What was working on *Three Kings* like?

We worked outside of Phoenix in a place called Casa Grande, Arizona. Working out there with George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Spike Jonze and director David O. Russell was fun. I think we made an interesting movie. In shooting the movie, I was very confused by how out



of order we shot it. Sometimes I would ask, "Are we making a serious movie, or are we making a comedy?" There were all these comedic things happening in a serious frame. But when it all came together, it worked.

Any films you regret doing?

I mean, I don't think I should have done *Ghosts of Mars*. I don't like that movie. I'm a big fan of John Carpenter. The only reason I did it was because John Carpenter directed it, but they really didn't have the money to pull the special effects off. It was a movie that should have been done in 1979.

Ever turned down a role you should have taken?

I was offered *Menace II Society*, but I turned it down because I had just done *Boyz N the Hood* and *Trespass*. I didn't want to get stuck playing just characters from the hood. That's the only one I said, "Damn, that's a good movie I wish I had been in."

As your acting career thrives, have you ever considered dropping Ice Cube and using your real name?

Nah, because that's mine. Ice Cube is for the public. You know what I mean? My real name is my real name, and that's for me. I don't want to give that.

Have you ever thought about leaving music behind?

Nah, music is my heart. First I did it from the heart. I didn't know I was going to make a quarter at it. I became rich and famous off the music. Now I can really do it again back from the heart because I don't have to sweat about the game the music business plays. I can just worry about Ice Cube fans that are down with the stuff that I do—give it to them and be happy with whatever I get back from that.

The movies have provided me with a cushion. It makes me a better artist because I'm not worrying about the things that most big artists are worrying about, which is making money back for the people that invested in it. I put out my own records with my own money.

Having appeared in mainstream family movies, how do you maintain street cred as a rapper?

Because in a movie I'm just an actor. In real life I'm me. People think if you do a certain type of movie that you're a certain type of person. People think: "Oh, [because] you did a family-friendly movie or comedy like *Barbershop*, you can't be hard." That ain't got nothing to do with me. That is a character I'm playing. To me hip-hop is reality.

A lot of people go to movies for a lot of different reasons. Poor people go to the movies to escape the shit they are going through. Why give it back to them when they get there? If I'm spending a hundred dollars or whatever it cost for me to take my family out, why would I go see the same shit that I can see in my neighborhood? I'm gonna go see something that pulls me away for a few hours. That's why people enjoy the movies, because it takes them away.

Are you really playing Kotter in a big-screen version of *Welcome Back Kotter*?

Yeah, there is a truth to that. I'm not going to be "up your nose with a rubber hose!" It's not that. If you remember the TV show, in 1979 even for a sitcom they talked about some real issues. They were dealing

"See this nasty herpes sore?! Give me your wallet or I'll kiss you!"

"Let me guess. You're coming off a bad relationship."

with some kids that no one wanted to deal with.

Fast-forward: You take any situation in South Central Los Angeles, and you can have these same kind of kids. Our Sweathogs are dangerous. For real. No one wants to deal with these kids. You know what I mean?

We are bringing the movie to the future and putting a little twist on it. Purists may hate it, but I'm not going to do like a *Brady Bunch*-style spoof of it. I'm gonna do a real movie about a real teacher with some kids that are dangerous but likable and reachable. It's a dramedy to me. It's a drama in the way *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* is. It's not new slapstick comedy. It's more or less old-school cool comedy.

What's your beef with Oprah?

I ain't got no beef with Oprah! She got the beef with me.

What's that about?

She never told me. Maybe she'll tell you. (*Laughs.*) You need to get at her. It's just like she ain't fucking with me. That's cool. I ain't fucking with her neither. That's her problem, and the world may never know. (*Laughs.*)

Who are you backing this election year?

I want Obama to win simply because we need something new. We need a change. We don't need that same old same old. Those other candidates are not going to inspire me to do nothing [other] than what I've been doing every day: Get up, go to work, worry about my family and the people I love. Right now it is time. Let's stop playing this bullshit game. Let's play it together and win. That's why we losing, because it's a team divided.

Can we play with your Yo-Yo?

Yeah, go on, take her! Shit! Do what you want with her. (*Laughs.*) Just send me 20 percent. (*Laughs.*)

What is your new CD like?

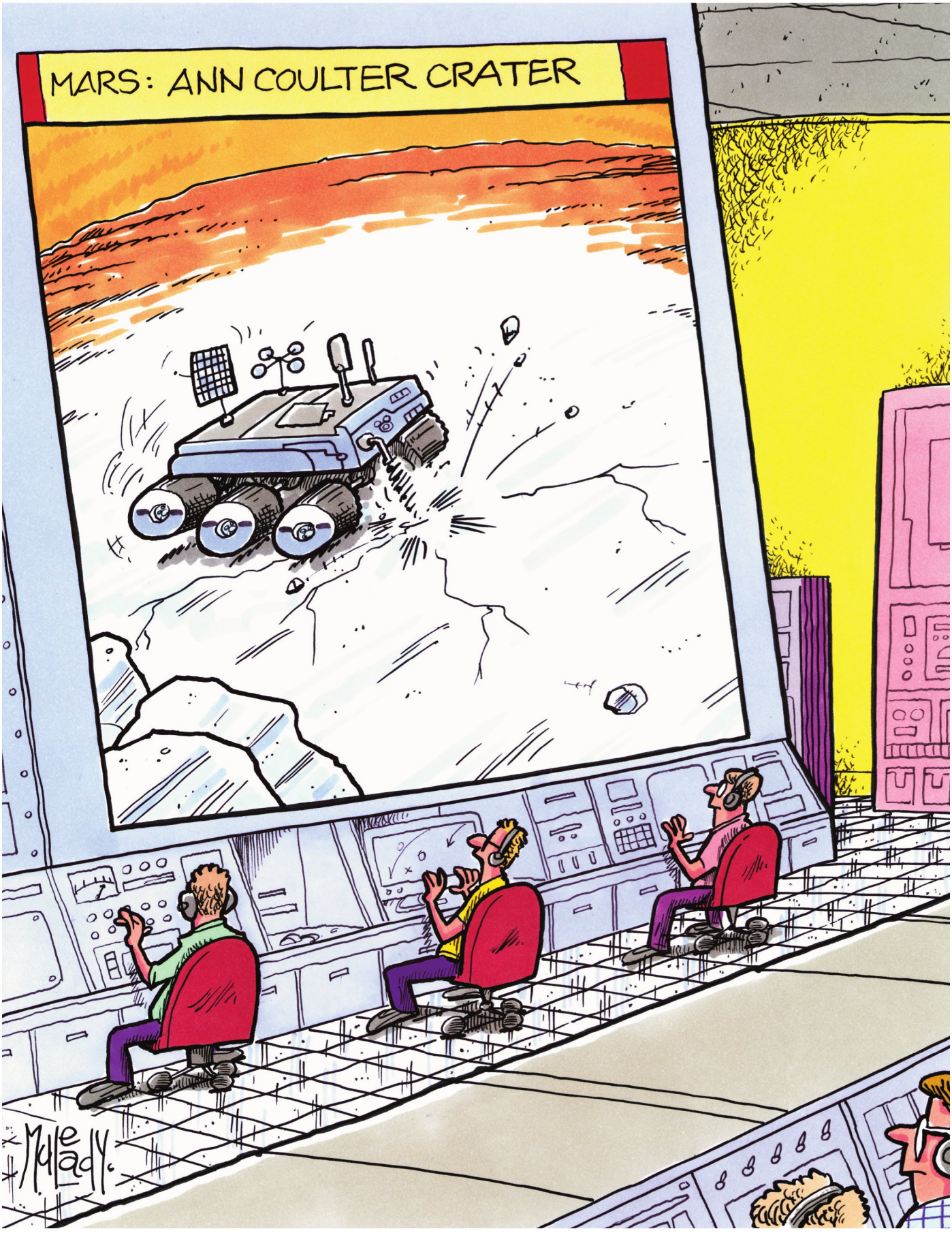
Raw Footage is just that. It's raw. It's not commercialized hip-hop. It's for your brain, not your booty, so to speak. It's for people that want insight into what's going on inside the community.

As one of rap's originators, do you get the respect you feel you deserve?

If you are talking about the people whose opinions I care about, then yeah, I get all the respect in the world. Fans, people in the industry, people that are into the culture? No problem. People that are into how many times are your videos being played and how many magazines are you in? Probably not.

Are you impressed by any new MCs?

I like what Kanye West and Lupe Fiasco are doing and where they are taking hip-hop. Those are good styles that are making hip-hop grow. It's not dying as people say just because the mainstream is not paying attention anymore. It's just back to where it came from—underground. In the '90s, mainstream took hip-hop and tried to play it out. Rap is something that can't die because it's the voice of the youth. There is always something to be said by somebody somewhere, and there's so many ways to say it now.



"The latest Mars explorer landed in an area so frigid and impervious to any kind of deep probing, scientists have named the spot Ann Coulter Crater."

SCREEN NAME:

Mya Nichole a/k/a Dollface

AGE: 24

STATUS: Swinger

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 3,149

LOCATION: Los Angeles

URL: MySpace.com/Mya_Nichole

"I'm like walking sex on a stick—I can't shut it down," marvels Mya Nichole, an adult-film actress who's just about always ready for a roll in the hay. "When you sleep with me, it's literally like an animal being let out of a cage to do what it's meant to do!"

A self-proclaimed "equal-opportunity nympho," Mya eagerly announces, "I love men and women! Women are so pretty, and they smell nice. But men know how to push my buttons and physically drive me nuts—no pun intended."

Truly uninhibited, Mya can't resist having quickies in public restrooms because the dirtiness of it all is a big turn-on and makes her lose control. But those naughty adventures register as tame on this girl's kinkiness meter. As the avid MySpacer boasts, "I have totally fucked a guy in the butt while he was dressed up like a fuzzy puppy."

Obviously, the Kalamazoo, Michigan, native has come a long way from her conservative, strict-Catholic roots. The half-Czech/half-Brazilian vixen lost her virginity at age 17 to a summer love and confides that it couldn't have gone off any better. As a teenager, Mya's original goal was to become a rock star, but her ever-growing fascination with pushing sexual boundaries led the libertine to forgo music in favor of a more provocative path.

"I always knew I'd end up doing something different," reflects Mya, whose career specialties are bondage, fetish and vampire flicks. "I just keep evolving sexually—it's so insane! But don't get me wrong. I'm kinda shy. I just rise above it."

THE GIRLS OF

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

MYSPACE: MYA NICHOLE

"Has the whole world gone crazy, or is it just Sean Hannity and the rest of those idiots at Fox News?!"

(continued from page 40) **F. Kennedy had compassion and could see himself projected into the future and be concerned about how history would judge him. Then we have politicians like George W. Bush who can't project into the future at all.**

He's too busy working to see there is no future.

Is it fair to say that a person like Kennedy cares?

That's totally wrong. You want to believe it, to feel better. [But] the others are not necessarily assholes. They are convinced they are doing what is right for the country. I come from a [famous political] family, the Gore family. We [have been] consistently an antiwar family. [My grandfather] opposed World War I. He was one of the heads of the America First movement, as was I. These were old-fashioned patriots.

But Franklin D. Roosevelt did change things.

Well, he's been much sentimentalized and romanticized. He was like nobody that you've ever read about. He was megalomaniacal. He did great damage to the republic, and I think rather intended to.

In 1960 I was running for Congress; Jack [John F. Kennedy] was running for President. Mrs. Roosevelt didn't like him, and I was doing my best to bring her around. I remember one afternoon she said, "Do you realize that there are people today who have never heard of the Depression? How do they not know?" That's one of the great facts of the 20th century. The whole economy had crashed, and capitalism was about to be destroyed. Roosevelt saved it for the ungrateful assholes.

Are we on the verge of another Depression?

Yeah, I think we are. But the solution is so simple: You stop the wars! Trillions are now going nowhere.

What about corporate control in the 1920s and the Depression that resulted. Is that what we're seeing today?

It's an ongoing atrophy of the democratic principle.

History shows that once you have an economic collapse, fascism is next.

Oh, it's been here quite some time.

So how do we start the revolution?

Take the White House!

If you were President, what would you focus on?

The restoration of the Constitution. It's going to take two generations to get over what Bush did, particularly to the federal branch. He's got every lunatic they could find. They find the worst person possible for these jobs. And where does this come from? It's a weird thing: somebody trying to overthrow a government from the office of President.

What kind of President do we need?

The President who wants to say, "I am going to restore the Constitution of the United States of America. I will restore the Bill of Rights." The only way you can advance in the United States is to go backwards. That's the only thing people understand. We had a good beginning and a bad present, so refer to the beginning and make it the present.

KISS 'N' TELL

The female star of the Internet's infamous Gene Simmons sex tape reveals her side of the story—and flaunts her fantastic form.

Dutch-born Traci Anna Koval has appeared nude in HUSTLER numerous times, as well as in other Larry Flynt publications. A subsequent modeling gig for *Tongue* magazine led to more than a casual friendship with its publisher, KISS frontman/bassist Gene Simmons. Meanwhile, in 2006, the passé rocker launched a second semi-career with the reality series *Gene Simmons: Family Jewels*. Now in its third season, this clone of *The Osbournes* also features Shannon Tweed (Simmons's live-in lover of 20 years), the couple's two children (Nick and Sophie) and assorted hangers-on.

In early 2008 a sex videotape became ubiquitous on the Internet. The surveillance-style footage showed Simmons doing an uninspired version of the nasty with a large-breasted babe tucked into a sexy corset and sporting farmgirl pigtails. His squeeze would ultimately be identified as Traci Anna Koval.

Reacting to the publicity, Simmons behaved like a Republican caught in a men's room stall. "You may have heard or seen garbage that has sprung up from my past," the self-styled rock stud wrote on his Web site. "Rest assured, the proper legal team is looking at all ramifications and options. And us? Shannon, Nick and Soph are happy and healthy."

As much as the KISS "demon" wants to link the tawdry sex tape to his "past," it clearly wasn't made in the band's 1970s heyday, when Simmons admittedly had groupies. Caught in the act was the current version in all its paunchy glory: a melting, middle-ager's face; a pudgy, Ron Jeremy-esque frame; and a hairstyle resembling a slumbering wolverine nesting on its head.

Simmons's attorney accused Koval of releasing the tape, supposedly breaking a 2003 agreement by which she'd signed over any "rights" she may have had to it. The sweetly accented Los Angeles resident denies any involvement in the tape's going public.

In any case, the gossip over a lackluster bout of sex in a nondescript room gave us the chance to talk to Traci Anna Koval, a bombshell in every sense of the word.

HUSTLER: How did you get into this mess?

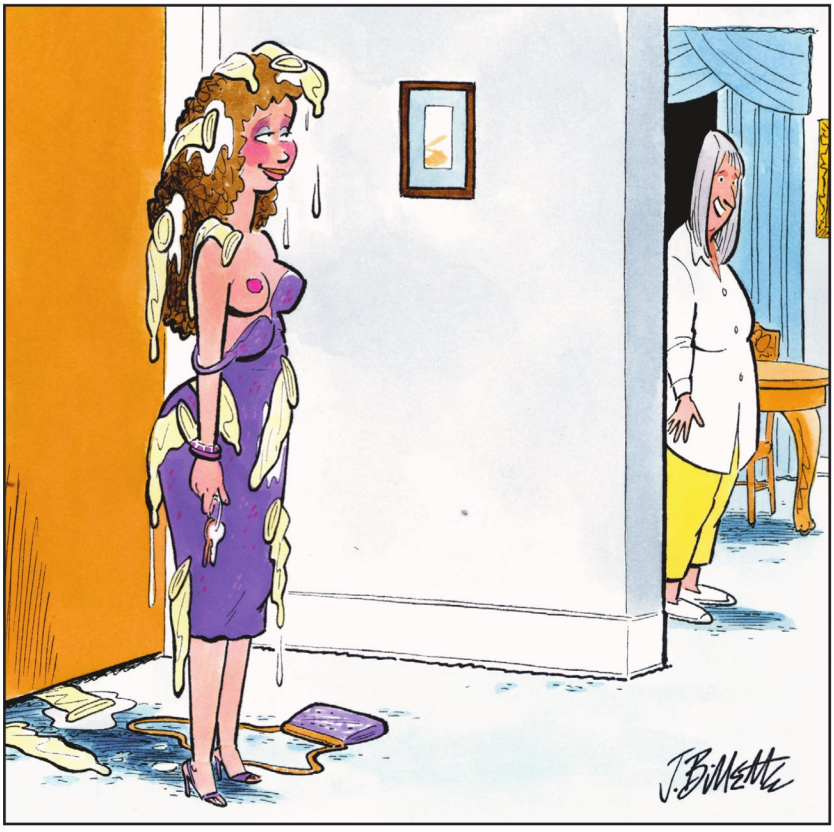
TRACI ANNA KOVAL: I don't know. I had no idea this would happen. It was a shock to me. People actually told me about the video from seeing it on the news.

Do people walk up and say, "It's you!"?

Oh, they'll think you're familiar or something. I was modeling in Holland. It's like a hobby because I actually work as a private nurse. Then I moved to the U.S. I met him [Simmons] from modeling on the cover of his *Tongue* magazine, then for another issue on the inside. It just kinda got…I dunno. That's how I met him. I saw him awhile, but I didn't realize he was with someone else.

Like cohabiting with a woman for 20 years and having two kids?

GLAMOUR PHOTOS COURTESY TRACI ANNA KOVAL



"Is that you, sweetie?! How was the prom?!"

OH, LOOK, ROBERT! REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO CARRY ON LIKE THAT WHEN WE WERE YOUNG?
BUT WE HAD THE DECENCY TO DO IT IN PRIVATE!
WINNERS

Yeah. When I realized that, I didn't wanna deal with it anymore.

Where did your liaison with Simmons take place? A hotel room or something?

I don't even remember. We were not alone. We were with some other people, and the other people were there. Um, I don't know what went down.

What can you tell us about the sex tape?

I don't know *anything* about it. I didn't film it, and I don't know why [Simmons and his people blamed its release] on me, y'know? I was harassed. I don't think that was necessary. I didn't try to get media attention or anything out of it. He sent people after me, trying to scare me. [They said], "If you don't cooperate and come forward, if you don't find who did this, we'll make your world crash down." They'd say, "We're not after you."

Okay, if you're not, then why are they bothering me? Only because I'm in the sex tape, y'know? I wasn't the only girl there in the house. There were a lot of people when that was happening.

Where is there? You seem to be remembering where you and Simmons hooked up.

I don't, like, wanna tell all the details. I just felt it was unfair to be made out to be the one who put it out.

The blowback has crept into your private life as well, right?

I've been working as a private nurse in Beverly Hills at an assisted-living place. [Simmons's people] had this private investigator follow me there. Attorney Gloria Allred has been very helpful. She talked to this annoying private investigator, getting a letter from him, that I should sign—a declaration saying we didn't have anything to do with it, and it's like, "No, I already told him I had nothing to do with it." Gloria advised me that I have "no comment."

I'm the victim. I didn't try to capitalize on this situation. This sex-tape scandal…well, I've lost longtime friends like Michael Bay, Crispin Glover and a few NFL players—which could be good or bad, depending on how you look at it. You can quote me on this, if you want. I was at one of Ja Rule's houses in Southern California, just chilling with him and his friends, and he freaked out about the Gene Simmons sex tape.

So Ja Rule was worried you were going to secretly videotape him too?

I guess. He kicked me out of the house, but then about ten minutes later they were like, "Come back to the house; it's just a misunderstanding."

What do you want to be doing a year from now?

Working in the medical field and modeling. I don't want to bore you with all that. I'm into good energy 'cause I'm into karma. I don't want to look like the bad guy. I just wanna clear my name.

The Touch of a Woman

TORI BLACK & RYAN KEELY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

Tori Black (the sexpot in the red dress) likes to go down: "I think the best thing you can do for your lover, whether it's a guy or a girl, is to use your mouth and tongue. The favor is sure to be returned every time."

Ryan Keely concurs: "When a tongue is in my pussy, it guarantees that I'm going to come. If a guy or girl does it right, I'm more than willing to devour them with my hot mouth."

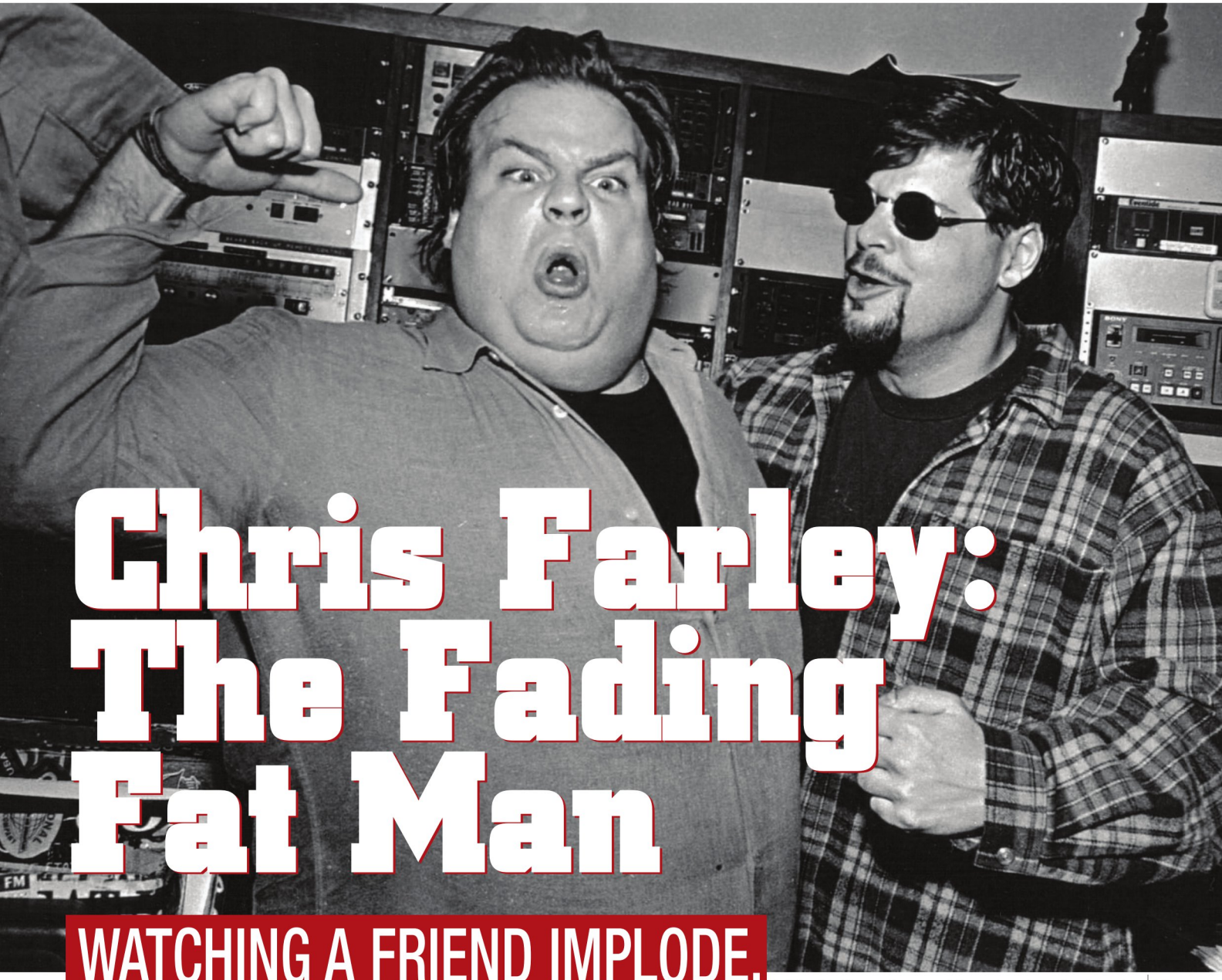
Tori Black digs experimenting. "I'll try anything twice. If I like it, I'll do it again and again. And again! Guys who are into the missionary position better not even bother to talk to me."

Ryan Keely, however, has no rules. "As long as it feels good, you can count me in. I feel bad for girls who put restrictions on sex. They'll never get to feel the things I've felt."

Both nymphos agree on one other thing: This was the most satisfying afternoon each had ever experienced.

Catch Tori Black in *Barely Legal #79* and *HUSTLER's Real College Girls: Lesbian Stories* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

"Hey! She can get as many cocks in her as she wants,
but she *cannot* wear that Arab scarf!"



Chris Farley: The Fading Fat Man

WATCHING A FRIEND IMPLODE.

PHOTO COURTESY PHILBIN FLASH

"Hey, Mancow! It's Chris Farley! Let's—" *Erase.*

"Hey, 'Cow! I've called before—" *Erase.*

"Why won't you call me back? I—" *Erase.*

Thirty frantic messages were on my home answering machine the night Chris Farley died. I never heard the full messages. *Erase.* How had it gotten to this point? *Erase.* He was a huge comedy star and had been a dear friend. Toward the end of his life I cringed at the thought of even talking to him. In those final messages there was a sound of real desperation in his voice. The next day he was dead. Was he calling for help, or did he just want me to be a part of that dramatic final act? I'll never know. *Erase.*

Chris was found dead in the same Chicago apartment where we had discussed the wonders of the universe. At that time I'd written a best-selling book about the death of my father from cancer. Chris both loved and feared the book. He told me repeatedly his single biggest worry was having to bury his own dad. As it turned out, he didn't have to worry about that.

People are shocked to learn Chris Farley had a deep Catholic faith. At times he would go to church almost every day. He prayed for the spirit to rein in his thirsty soul and crush his demons. We would talk for hours about our heavenly Father and our own earthbound ones.

Sweating, massive, but amazingly graceful, Chris would act out childhood memories and impersonate his father. He was worried about his father's enormous size and health. In his best movie, *Tommy Boy*, there's a scene where he talks to his dead movie dad on a sailboat. That was the Chris Farley I knew, his only truly "naked" real moment captured on film.

We met after he'd already shot to fame on *Saturday Night Live.* He was a fan of mine, which was flattering. I was a fan of his. We just hit it off. He was different from any other comedian I've ever known. Dan Aykroyd (who was in *Tommy Boy*) and others make money mimicking "chumps."

Well, Chris *loved* those "chumps"! He didn't feel that he was brilliant and that all his fans were mere rubes. At the height of his stardom I'd see him with a doorman, street cleaners, construction workers or whomever. He'd suck in his gut. *Bam!* Down went his

pants. Tumble over. Big fake embarrassment. Huge laughs. Repeat. Not for the "dough-ray-me," but to make some poor guy's day a bit brighter.

We would argue about John Belushi. I never got it! The book *Wired* and firsthand stories from those who actually knew Belushi convinced me he was not to be admired. Chris wouldn't hear of it: "Belushi's a comedy god!" Chris did cocaine because of all those Belushi stories he'd heard from *SNL* alumni. Damn them! In my opinion they helped kill Chris. Character matters to me.

In the Second City the second-most-famed skyscraper is the John Hancock Center. Jerry Springer lives there, my radio station was there, and Chris Farley lived above the clouds overlooking Lake Michigan. It also houses a Cheesecake Factory restaurant in its basement. So we worked, ate and hung out together.

Chris would order me to study the clown art in his apartment, pushing my face closer by applying pressure to the back of my skull. "Look closer!" he'd tell me. "I stare at them, and they're funny at first, but then they become spooky and sad."

In my opinion, when Chris looked in the mirror, he saw a fraud. He believed the illusion that fame would somehow cleanse him. Chris was what is called a "natural." Naturals never fully appreciate their gifts. He never had to work at "his craft"; he just *was*.

Chris looked as out of place in this world as a Ringling Brothers clown would while walking down Michigan Avenue. He dressed in bright yellows and greens and wore comical, funky glasses. His ties constantly fought the losing battle to get past his belly. Perhaps he wore them that way because it was just funnier. He had the kind of body no tailor could fit, his sleeves always too long, pants always too short. "Fat guy in a little suit," Chris would sing, lurching forward to illustrate the point, his arms jutting from his suits like the *Lost in Space* robot claws.

No matter how constricting his suits looked, that boy could move, from his *SNL* breakout role as a Chippendales dancer (opposite Patrick Swayze) to high kicking in *Beverly Hills Ninja*. "This Spruce Goose can fly," he'd laugh. In his apartment's "script room" Chris would waltz past the director's chairs—one from each of his movies, all with his name stenciled on them—to get another massive line of cocaine, all as gracefully as the ballerina hippos of Disney's *Fantasia*.

It was in the "script room" where we talked about Chris's dream of doing the Fatty Arbuckle movie that David Mamet penned. I believe the role would have cemented him as a major actor. It was to be a serious movie about the silent film comedian who got ruined after he was accused of raping a woman to death, allegedly with a champagne bottle.

"You fly, I buy," Chris would repeat over and over until you would go and get him booze. One time at my apartment on Wacker Street, I came home to find my furniture all over the place and Chris in a state of undress. My then-girlfriend was terrified, claiming Chris had tried to rape her.

Chris was red-faced, sweating and looking guilty. He apologized to me later, but I never felt the same about him. Would he have raped my girl? Was he just like one of those frat guys that are way too aggressive with women? I don't know or care. He tried to be with my girl, and he was my friend. Funny Clown had become Spooky Clown, and Sad Clown was just around the corner.

From Chris's tiny "script room" there was a million-dollar view of the Great Lake Michigan; inside was a mountain range of cocaine only Scarface could afford—or a movie star. No fat kid from Madison, Wisconsin, ever prays for that when they grow up. No, that was a gift from Hollywood, USA.

Would he have raped my girl? Was he just like one of those frat guys that are way too aggressive with women?

I never did cocaine with Farley. But after he died, the lure of it was unbearable, and I wanted to. What is the attraction? He would joke that it kept him skinny. Chris was ashamed and embarrassed if I watched him do what he called "the toot," the "nose candy," the "booger sugar." He would ask me to look away. In his heart he hated that he had become a slave to addiction.

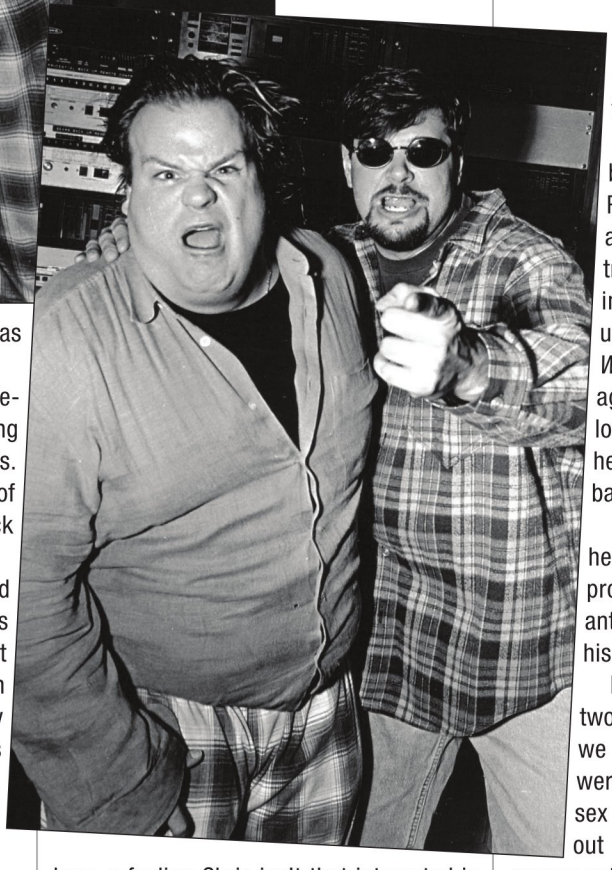
PHOTO COURTESY MANCOW MULLER

I'd joke with him, in a deadly serious way, telling him, "Fatso comedians die young…like John Candy, Curly Howard of the Three Stooges, John Belushi." He'd "yes" me—then do more cocaine.

One time he had this crazy idea we should become blood brothers. We sawed away with knives on our own hands. No blood. It was harder than we thought. We chickened out. The next time I saw him he had a friendship bracelet and tied it on my arm, telling me I was now his brother. He later joked that we were going steady and that I was his boyfriend because of the bracelets.

After Chris's death, mine stayed on for years until it finally rotted off my arm. Fragments of it now sit atop a framed photo of Chris in my office.

One blistering afternoon a couple of years ago a typically fat Chicago cop on horseback dismounted and asked me if I wanted to "see something cool." He produced from his wallet a picture. Sweat was in my eyes, blurring my vision. I really couldn't figure out what I was looking at until I saw the friendship bracelet I had tied



PHOTOS COURTESY PHILBIN FLASH

on Chris's arm. The cop thought it was hilarious. "It's your buddy!" he laughed.

It took awhile to register. It was a pre-autopsy photo of Chris. He had foam rolling out of his mouth and nose. Poor Chris. Bastard cop. I went into the courtyard of the church across from the John Hancock building. I wept.

"A little bitty tear let me down, spoiled my act as a clown," Chris would sing as Burl Ives, over and over when we got together. Over and over. He would then ask me for the 400th time, "If Fatty falls down, goes *boom*, would it always be funny?"

"Always," I'd reassure him. "And if it ever becomes not funny, it won't matter anymore."

It's hard for the twentysomethings working on my radio show to believe that the now-tedious Steve Martin, Eddie Murphy, Dan Aykroyd and Chevy Chase were ever cutting-edge comedians. Wherever Chris Farley sent himself—heaven or hell—at least he won't have to reinvent himself as they did. His brand of humor will eternally bring laughs. The curse of his contemporaries is a slow tortured death by incrementalism.

Jim Morrison, John Belushi and Jesus all left this mortal coil around the same age as Chris. They all became bigger in death. Chris has become smaller in death, and I can't wrap my mind around that. There was humility to Farley's work that far surpassed his idols. If he and Belushi share the same afterlife, I have a feeling Chris isn't that interested in John after all. Chris always had an audience of just one anyway—his father.

In my last conversation with one of his agents, the guy yelled at me, "Stop doing cocaine with my client!" I furiously told him that I didn't do cocaine and that because Chris was worth so much money to him, maybe he should hire an ex-Marine to slug Chris every time he tried to take a snort.

Chris and I had nights when I would leave him at 9:30 only to see him waiting for me when my radio show ended the next morning, geeked out on something, talking a mile a minute, sometimes with one of his brothers in tow. They would look at me like *I* was the bad guy who was enabling Chris.

That wasn't the case! How could I stop him? Those *tsk-tsk* looks from his brothers, not to mention the *New York Post* running a front-page picture of me and Chris the day after he died—that's what kept me from his funeral. God, how stupid and selfish of me.

I remember running into David Spade at the Four Seasons in Beverly Hills only to get the distinct feeling (to my surprise) Spade hated Chris Farley's guts. Chris had explained that he'd stolen Spade's girlfriend and that their relationship had been rough ever since. Too bad, because that comedy team could have been classic. Apparently, Farley succeeded in taking *that* friend's girl.

I remember how we went to a bar he had bragged about, on Rush Street, Chicago's party avenue. When we walked in, they treated Chris like Jimmy Stewart in that nightmarish alternate-universe pub scene from *It's a Wonderful Life*. "Oh, no, not *you* again! Get the hell out!" There was lots of cursing. "After what you did here last time, don't ever come back, punk!"

I asked Chris what he had done; he claimed no knowledge of it. He probably blacked out before his antics could cement themselves in his noggin.

I also remember Chris picking up two nasty hookers off the street as we drove in his limo. I think they were transvestites. I refused to have sex with either, so he kicked them out and threw fistfuls of crumpled money out the window at them. "I wanted to see your weenies," he joked.

Once, we showed up at Chicago's Admiral Theater strip club, where the doorman knew both of us, but then refused us entrance for lack of identification. Chris went crazy and yelled how important he was to this minimum-wage puke. Very odd, based on the Chris I knew…but not that odd to many others.

Chris told me the only famous Hollywood-type who really tried to help him was Tom Arnold. When I interviewed Tom in April 2008, he told me in his rat-a-tat-tat style that Farley was a manipulative addict. "Fourteen rehabs and he was fat?! You gotta pick your poison. Heath Ledger was younger and healthier than Farley and look at what happened."

Tom went on to tell me some heartbreaking stories of how poorly Chris treated his brothers and friends. He said Farley's last three movies were awful; Chris knew it and was freaking out. Tom finally told me, "Don't feel guilty about Chris. There was nothing any of us could have done."

One night, Farley called me, crazed. He had "broken out" of rehab and wanted to go see his good buddy Chris Rock live. "Stop by my house first."

Stop by I did. Farley was nervous and excited to see his old *Saturday Night Live* buddies. We would be sitting with Timmy Meadows and his wife.

"Those guys did all the work!" Farley marveled. "Sandler worked. Spade worked. I would just show up and fall down and act like a horse's ass. I wish I could write like them." He was lucid and fresh…but not for long.

"Just a splashy-poo for flavor," he would say.

I would tell him, "No booze! Period!"

"Just a splash, a misting!" he countered. It did start out as just a drop of liquor to an entire can of Coca-Cola. By the time we left for the show, the proportions were drastically reversed: a drop of soda per tumbler of heavy alcohol. He was chugging the hooch like a kid with a fresh glass of Kool-Aid.

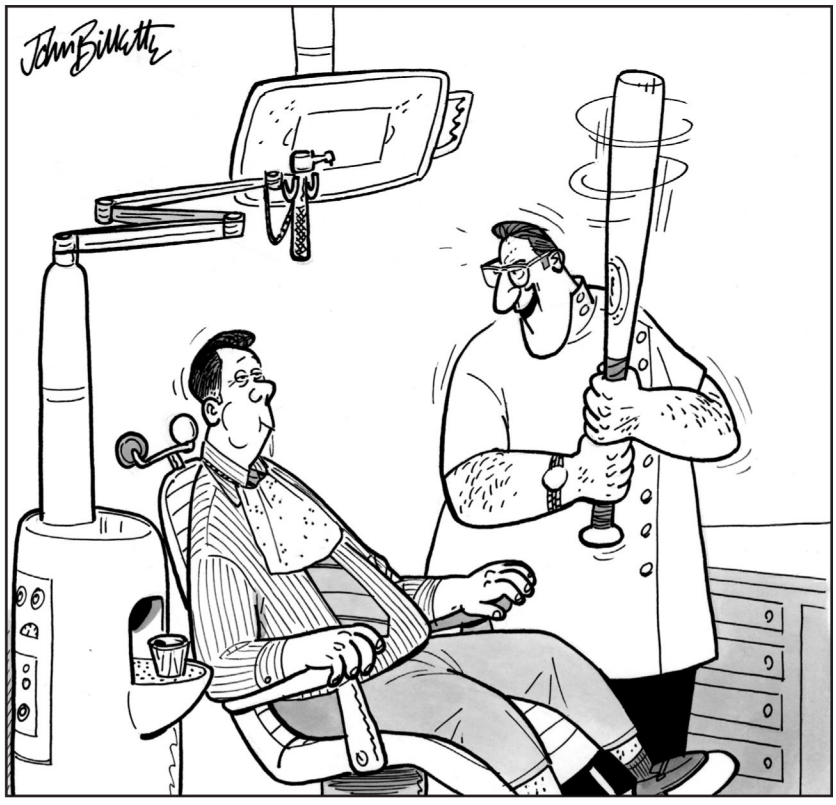
As the Eiffel Tower is to Paris, the Chicago Theater's vertical sign is to the Windy City. We walked past that landmark sign and into *The Chris Rock Show.* Farley detoured straight to the bar. When we reached our seats, Tim Meadows seemed shocked to see us. He whispered, "What's he on?"

I told him booze.

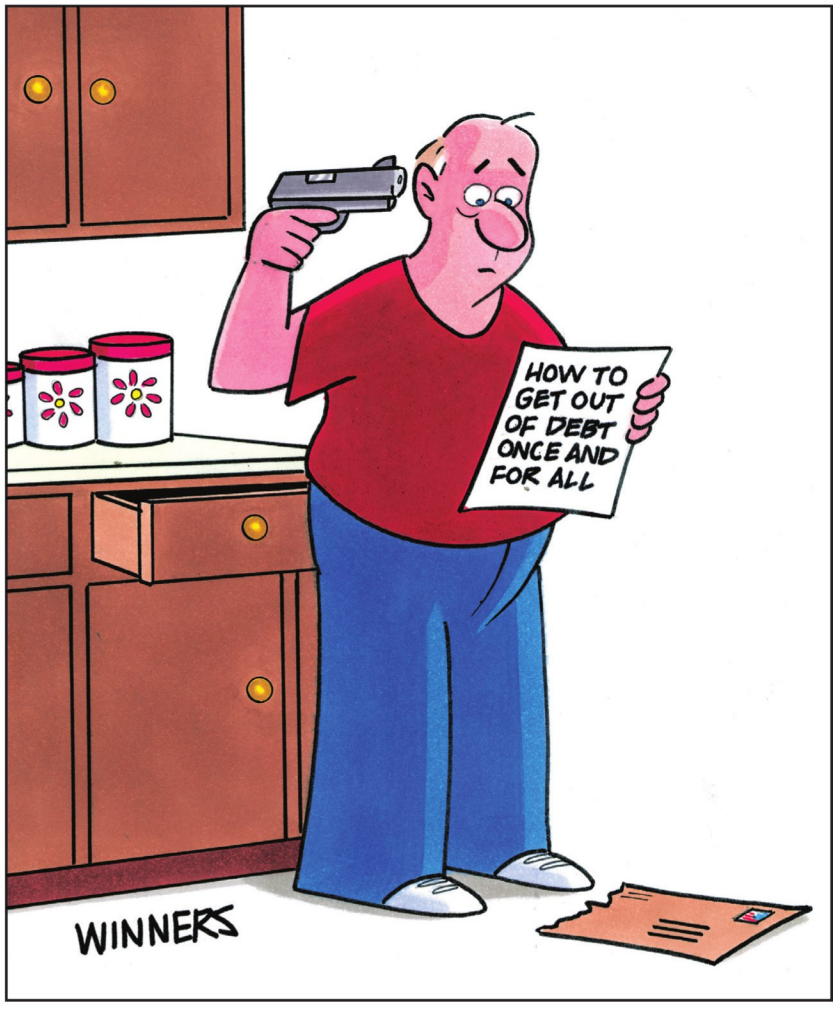
"Uh-huh," he said, disbelieving. Meadows and his wife were polite, but this was not the warm friendship Farley had billed it as. No time for chitchat either because he was soon back at the bar, stopping for those "Yes, I am Chris Farley" moments and photos with fans.

Farley was in and out of his seat, running up and down the aisles so often that it became rude and distracting. This is not how one behaves at a friend's show.

In the alley next to the theater we met up with Chris Rock. He was as polite as Tim Meadows had been but also kept his distance. Farley kicked



"Okay, Mr. Tobin, let's check if that right side is numbed up yet!"



"Only the most expensive love lube on the planet for this rap star's bitch!"

some trash at his feet, embarrassed. He knew Chris Rock could see through his inebriation. The jig was up, and I was there to witness it.

Farley reminisced about the good ol' days, including taking a leak out the window at 30 Rock, where they worked on *SNL* together. Nothing. Chris Rock, the well-rehearsed professional on show night, had no time for the ramblings of this slob that was like an albatross.

When the sweating Farley went to hug him goodbye, Rock reluctantly obliged, but then he was off to wow a sold-out audience with his precise comedy. Fatty was about to get drunker and fall down a lot.

Next stop? The bathroom. We were the only white folks in the men's room, which had those old-fashioned floor-to-chest urinals that are splashless and superior to today's pissers. Farley pulled every black man away from the urinals as they were relieving themselves. "It's true!" he said as he gazed at their genitals. "They *are* huge!"

He yelled, "Mancow, look at the size of this one! It's an anaconda, for Pete's sake!" My stomach hit my heels. We were dead. You don't pull black men away from urinals midstream and comment on their privates—at least not in Chicago.

He's gonna get his head bashed in against the porcelain! I thought.

And what happened? They all laughed! If anyone other than Chris Farley had done that, he'd have been killed. Unless he'd been in a gay bar and asked nicely first.

As we went up the stairs, we chatted up two beautiful girls, and they were good to go. Then he dropped his pants and fell up the stairs. "Oopsy!" Farley exclaimed, slapping his forehead like the V-8 ad. "I'm so stupid." Even the girls were forgotten as the Sad Clown stumbled to the bar.

I let the crowd envelop me, falling back to get the hell out of there. I hailed a cab and headed home. Poor Chris was lost. That's how I felt as I escaped The Farley Express. The party was over.

I'm a fraud. On the radio I give the illusion of being a fun-loving party guy. My bleak reality is that it takes discipline and extreme effort for me to seem so carefree. Getting up at 2:30 in the morning to do five hours of radio, five days a week, doesn't allow me to walk the walk. I talk the talk, but most nights I'm in bed by nine. Chris Farley was the genuine article: a crazed, funny, out-of-control fat man.

That overdose in December 1997 may have ended his life, but not our friendship. Somewhere in the back of my mind Chris is always sadly singing that old Burl Ives song to me: "Little bitty tear let me down, spoiled my act as a clown…"

"I want your wife to stay here a few more days for observation. You need a ho?"

Hot Flash

es
VANESA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

This is not the kind of thing I do every day," declares no-longer-reticent **Vanesa**. "I'm usually very shy when I'm out in public. Something just came over me when the photographer suggested I flash on the street. I just went for it. There's a real power in taking control of your own sexuality."

Strangely enough, the Czech dreamgirl isn't a control freak in the bedroom. "During sex I like to be dominated," **Vanesa** reveals. "I absolutely love when a man grabs hold of me, throws me down and has his way with me. I get soaked when he thrusts into me from behind while my face is pressed into a mirror."

Eager to leave her homeland, **Vanesa** bares a desire that shouldn't be too hard to fulfill: "I'd love to move to America someday soon. All I need is the right man who is willing to take care of me. That doesn't mean I'd expect a free ride. If the guy provides me with a nice place to live and some tokens of his affection, I'll fuck him morning, noon and night!"

VANESA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Strelice, Czech Republic | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 110

Rhonda decided to get a face-lift on her 50th birthday, and she loved the results. A few weeks later she went to a newsstand and said to the clerk, "I hope you don't mind my asking, but how old do you think I am?"

"About 34," the clerk estimated.

"Nope!" Rhonda cried. "I just turned 50."

A short while later she walked into a McDonald's and asked the countergirl to guess her age. "I'd say 32," the younger gal chirped.

"Nope!" Rhonda gloated. "I'm 50."

The ecstatic dame ate her lunch, then dashed off to a pharmacy for some breath mints. Again she asked her burning question, and the cashier responded, "I'd say 29."

"I'm 50!" Rhonda howled. "But thanks."

Finally, she sat next to an old man on a park bench and asked him to guess her age. "Lady, I'm 78," he grunted, "and my eyesight is going. Although, in my younger days I had a surefire way to tell how old a woman was. It may sound forward, but I'll have to put my hands under your bra."

"Aw, what the hell?!" Rhonda gasped.

The cagy fellow slipped both of his hands under Rhonda's boulder-holder and began to heartily play with her huge breasts. After being pawed and fondled for a couple of minutes, Rhonda begged, "Okay, okay, how old *am* I?"

The senior citizen squeezed her boobs one last time, removed his hands and declared, "Madam, you're 50."

Amazed, Rhonda roared, "That was incredible! How could you tell?!"

"Promise you won't get mad?" the coot sheepishly retorted.

"I promise," Rhonda assured him.

"I was behind you at McDonald's."

Question: Where do white supremacists keep their retirement money?

Answer: In a 401(KKK) plan.

An elephant and a camel crossed paths one day. Feeling kind of assholish, the elephant asked, "Why are your tits on your back?"

Nostrils flaring, the indignant camel replied, "That's a pretty strange question from a creature with a dick on its face!"

The day after her redneck husband suddenly kicked the bucket, Ellie Mae went to the local newspaper to fill out a death notice. The editor informed her that the cost was 50 cents per word.

"How about 'Billy Ray died'?" the sad hillbilly babe suggested.

"There's a minimum of seven words," the editor huffed.

Ellie Mae pondered for a moment, then cooed, "In that case, have it read, 'Billy Ray died—1982 Harley for sale'!"

Stuck behind an incredibly slow group of inept golfers were an astronomer, a priest and a gynecologist. "Those are the worst duffers I've ever seen in my entire life!" the astronomer griped.

A greenskeeper passing by stopped and explained to the fuming trio, "The golfers ahead of you are firemen who lost their sight saving the mayor's house during a fire last year, so the city lets them play for free, whenever they want."

Feeling like a jerk, the priest remarked, "That's so sad. I'll say a special prayer for them tonight!"

Feeling like a ninny himself, the gynecologist blurted, "I know an ophthalmologist who may be able to help them!"

Meanwhile, the sourpuss astronomer looked into the sky and hissed, "Why can't they play at night?!"

Question: Why is a shitfaced blonde in a biker bar just like a faulty mousetrap?

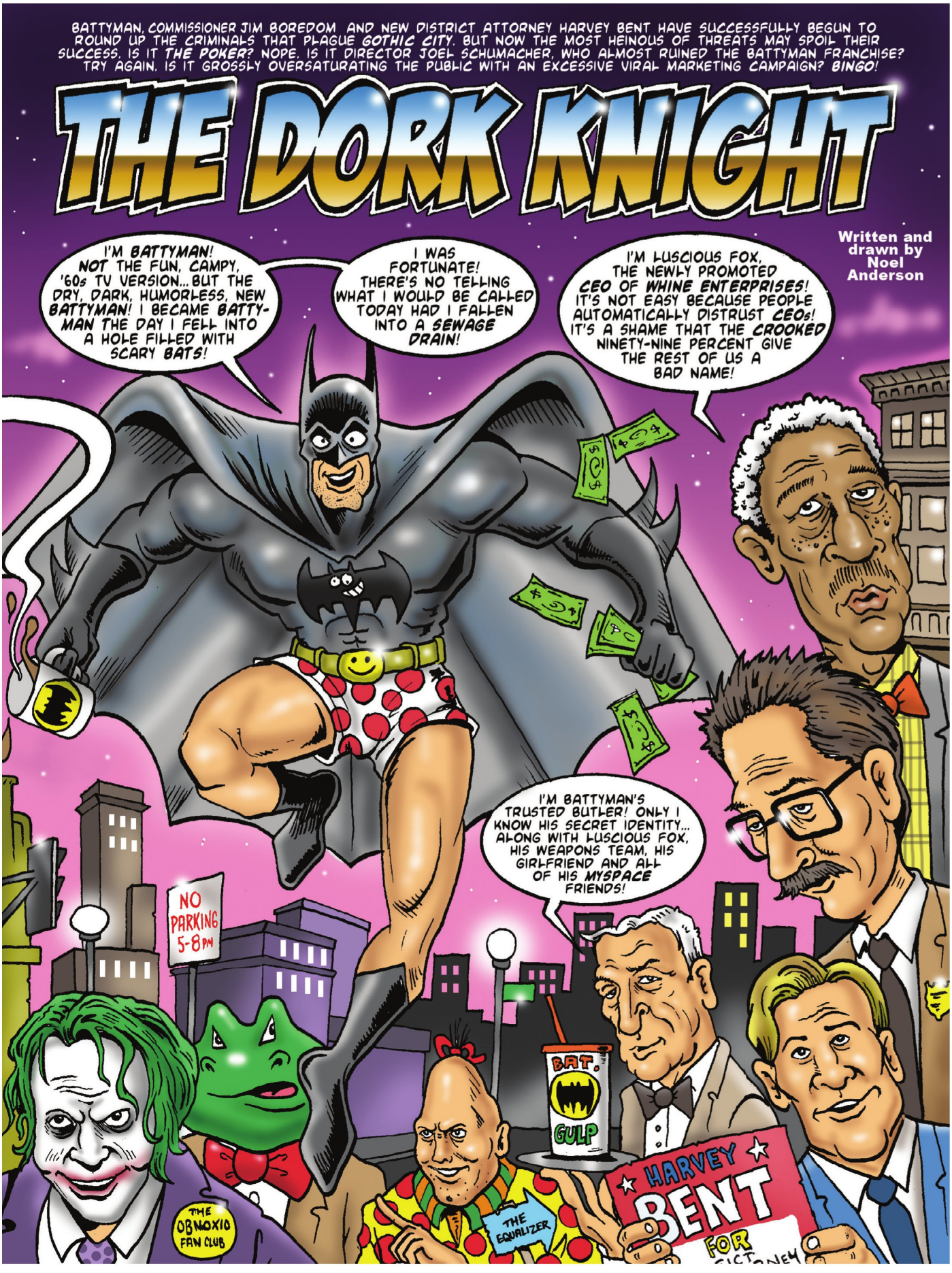
Answer: Sooner or later the cheese is gonna get eaten out of her too!

GRAFFILTHY

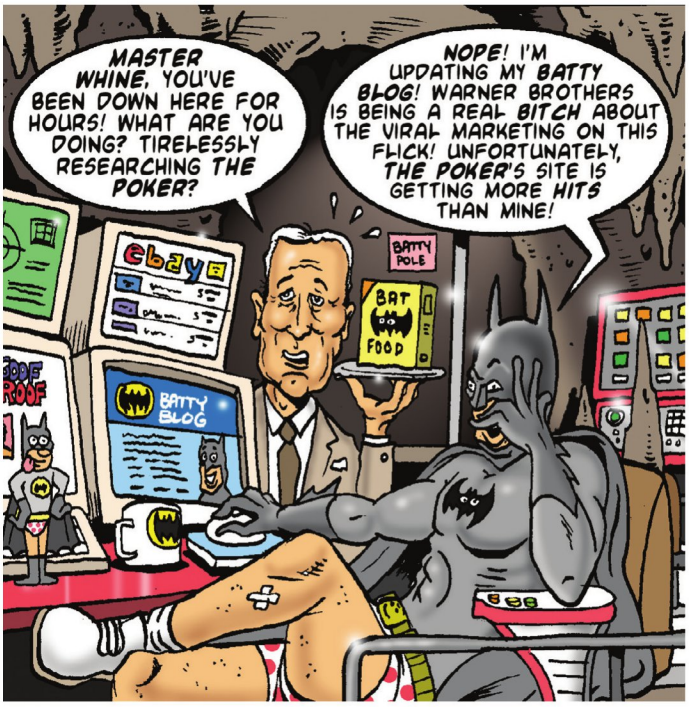
Thanks and $50 go to Burt W.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

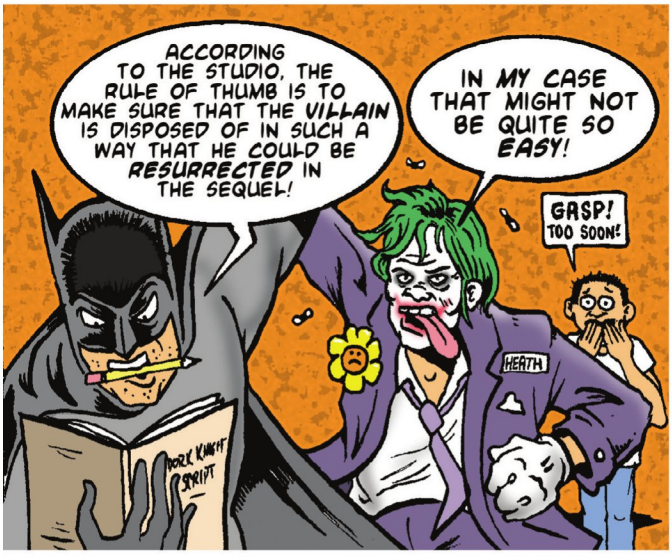
"Just because I gave you a blowjob during halftime doesn't mean your semen is a sports drink!"

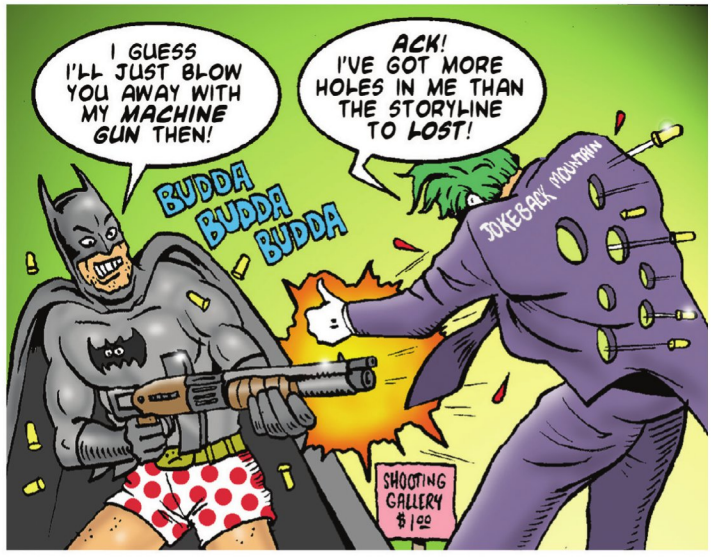

BATTYMAN, COMMISSIONER JIM BOREDOM AND NEW DISTRICT ATTORNEY HARVEY BENT HAVE SUCCESSFULLY BEGUN TO ROUND UP THE CRIMINALS THAT PLAGUE GOTHIC CITY. BUT NOW THE MOST HEINOUS OF THREATS MAY SPOIL THEIR SUCCESS. IS IT THE POKER? NOPE. IS IT DIRECTOR JOEL SCHUMACHER, WHO ALMOST RUINED THE BATTYMAN FRANCHISE? TRY AGAIN. IS IT GROSSLY OVERSATURATING THE PUBLIC WITH AN EXCESSIVE VIRAL MARKETING CAMPAIGN? BINGO!
THE DORK KNIGHT
Written and drawn by Noel Anderson
I'M BATTYMAN! NOT THE FUN, CAMPY, '60s TV VERSION... BUT THE DRY, DARK, HUMORLESS, NEW BATTYMAN! I BECAME BATTY-MAN THE DAY I FELL INTO A HOLE FILLED WITH SCARY BATS!
I WAS FORTUNATE! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT I WOULD BE CALLED TODAY HAD I FALLEN INTO A SEWAGE DRAIN!
I'M LUSCIOUS FOX, THE NEWLY PROMOTED CEO OF WHINE ENTERPRISES! IT'S NOT EASY BECAUSE PEOPLE AUTOMATICALLY DISTRUST CEOs! IT'S A SHAME THAT THE CROOKED NINETY-NINE PERCENT GIVE THE REST OF US A BAD NAME!
I'M BATTYMAN'S TRUSTED BUTLER! ONLY I KNOW HIS SECRET IDENTITY... ALONG WITH LUSCIOUS FOX, HIS WEAPONS TEAM, HIS GIRLFRIEND AND ALL OF HIS MYSPACE FRIENDS!
NO PARKING 5-8PM
BAT. GULP
THE OBNOXIO FAN CLUB
THE EQUALIZER
HARVEY BENT FOR

UPON THE DARKENED STREETS OF GOTHIC CITY, A FLATULENT HERO SWOOPS DOWN...
YOU FELLAS CARE FOR ONE OF MY BATTY BUTT BOMBS?
POOT!
UGH! BATTYMAN, PLEASE!
WHAT THE...?
BLASTING AREA
WEAR GAS MASK!
P.U.
THAT WAS DISGUSTING, BATTYMAN! WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU?
AW, LIGHTEN UP! EVERYBODY LOVES A LITTLE FART HUMOR ONCE IN A WHILE! I'M JUST TRYING TO GET A HANDLE ON THIS "HAVING-A-SENSE-OF-HUMOR" THING SO I CAN MATCH WITS WITH THE POKER!
SIMON'S COWL
IS THAT SUCH A GOOD IDEA? THE SUCCESS OF BATTYMAN BEGINS WAS DUE TO ITS GRIM PORTRAYAL OF YOUR BROODING AND TWISTED SOUL!
WHATEVER! ALL COMIC BOOK GEEKS WILL MAKE SURE THIS MOVIE OPENS AT NUMBER ONE! WHAT ELSE ARE THEY GOING TO SPEND THEIR MONEY ON? DATES WITH GIRLS?!
BATTY BURGE
OPEN ALL NIGHT
GET BENT
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED THAT BATTYMAN IS A REAL SON OF A BITCH!
BECAUSE HE PLAYS BY HIS OWN RULES?
NOPE! BECAUSE HE JUST RAN OVER MY FUCKING FOOT!
ONE WAY
WHAT'S WRONG, BARBARA? ARE YOU AFRAID THAT COMMISSIONER BOREDOM WILL BE UPSET THAT HIS NIECE IS FUCKING THE POKER?
CLOWN TIME
ACTUALLY, I'M UPSET THAT YOU SHOVED THAT RUBBER CHICKEN UP MY ASS IN LIEU OF FOREPLAY!
OH, TUT-TUT, MY DEAR! THAT'S JUST ONE OF THE PERILS INVOLVED IN SCREWING A CLOWN! NOW OPEN WIDE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MY CREAMY LOAD!
TASTES FUNNY!
SPUT!

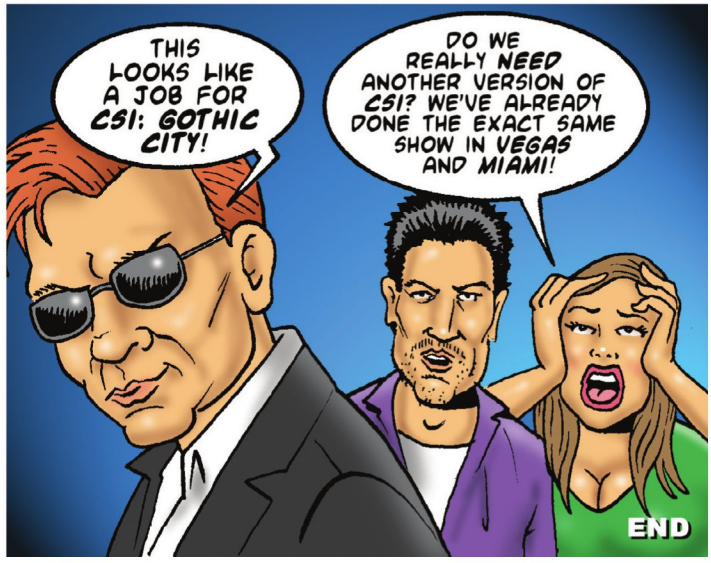

MASTER WHINE, YOU'VE BEEN DOWN HERE FOR HOURS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? TIRELESSLY RESEARCHING THE POKER?
NOPE! I'M UPDATING MY BATTY BLOG! WARNER BROTHERS IS BEING A REAL BITCH ABOUT THE VIRAL MARKETING ON THIS FLICK! UNFORTUNATELY, THE POKER'S SITE IS GETTING MORE HITS THAN MINE!
ebaya
BATTY POLE
BAT FOOD
BATTY BLOG

WHICH FRANKLY IS STARTING TO PISS ME OFF!
WHAT THE FUCK?! YOU CAN'T JUST POP INTO PANEL WITHOUT ANY EXPOSITION! THIS IS A MOVIE PARODY! SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR THE MEDIUM, YA SCHLUB!
COULD WE NOT TELL MY UNCLE ABOUT THIS, BATTYMAN?
YOUR BREATH SMELLS.


ACCORDING TO THE STUDIO, THE RULE OF THUMB IS TO MAKE SURE THAT THE VILLAIN IS DISPOSED OF IN SUCH A WAY THAT HE COULD BE RESURRECTED IN THE SEQUEL!
IN MY CASE THAT MIGHT NOT BE QUITE SO EASY!
GASP! TOO SOON!
HEATH
DARK KNIGHT SCRIPT


I GUESS I'LL JUST BLOW YOU AWAY WITH MY MACHINE GUN THEN!
ACK! I'VE GOT MORE HOLES IN ME THAN THE STORYLINE TO LOST!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
JOKEBACK MOUNTAIN
SHOOTING GALLERY $1.00

I HATE TO RUIN THE ENDING FOR EVERYONE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE POKER IS DEAD!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME TO CALL IN GOTHIC CITY'S TEAM OF TOP FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS!
EZ READER


THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR CSI: GOTHIC CITY!
DO WE REALLY NEED ANOTHER VERSION OF CSI? WE'VE ALREADY DONE THE EXACT SAME SHOW IN VEGAS AND MIAMI!
END

NUNO BETTENCOURT

A MAN OF EXTREMES

In the 1990s, power ballads "More Than Words" and "Hole Hearted" propelled Extreme to superstardom. After more than a decade together the hard rock band broke up, paving the way for Gary Cherone's less-than-notable stint as a Van Halen replacement singer. Today the boys from Boston are back with a new CD and tour. Guitarist Nuno Bettencourt sat down to discuss Extreme's rebirth, groupies and his short (and odd) stay in Perry Farrell's bizarre circus.

HUSTLER: How did Extreme get back together?

NUNO BETTENCOURT: First, my kids disappeared. Then I got a ransom note from Gary Cherone that read: "If you don't do this record, you don't get the kids back." So I had no choice. (*Laughs.*)

Were you angry that your singer broke up Extreme to join Van Halen?

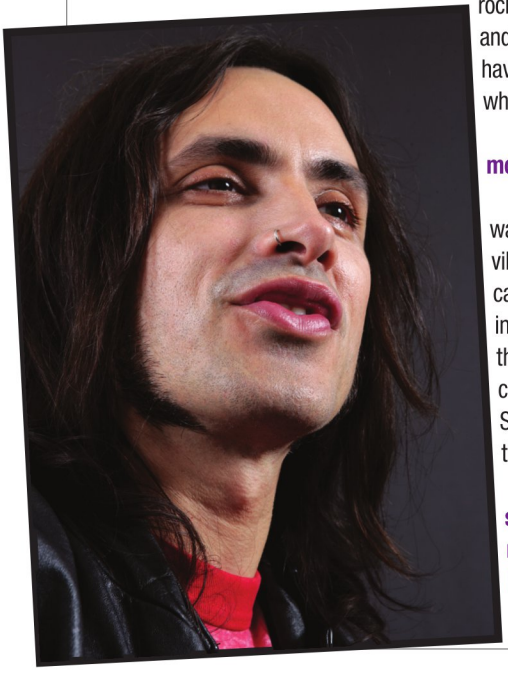
Gary didn't break up the band. He did Van Halen because I'd left the band a year earlier. We were about to do a new record, and I didn't like the way we were going with it. We were having a lot of the same old *Behind the Music* story: Band is close; band has hits and makes a ton of money; band then can't stand each other. Stupid shit. I'm the one that told Gary he had to do Van Halen.

Is the new CD, *Extreme*, hard rock or acoustic?

An Extreme record is always a mix of both. The band has two sides. The rock 'n' roll side is 75 to 80% of what we do, and there are some acoustic songs like "Hole Hearted" and "More Than Words." People ask me all the time if "More Than Words" being a hit was a curse. I always say, "Are you kidding me?" I wrote that song. I wrote it on the porch of my house just like I wrote any other song. Let me see, what was better, no hits and no one knowing the rest of the record, or a hit that turned on new fans who came to the show? Having that hit was a blessing. On this new album we have a track called "Take Us Alive," which is "Hole Hearted" on steroids.

Are you looking forward to going on tour again?

Oh, yeah! It's all about touring, really. I hate, despise making records. If I didn't have to, I would never make a record. In my eyes it's like a bad reality show. It's unnatural. The second someone puts a camera on you, your reality is no longer reality. Recording to me is a pain in the ass of jamming and rocking on these great songs, and we are done. Then you have to go through capturing what we already have.



Is that why you recorded most of the new CD live?

Yeah. That was the only way we could get the right vibe. We were worried because we would finish playing a song and say, "Fuck, that was great. Wish we could make that the take." So we decided let's make that the take.

How would you describe your brief involvement with Perry Farrell's band Satellite Party?

It was one of those interesting L.A. stories. You can't help but go to parties out here. I was hanging around with Tom Morello [Rage Against the Machine, Audioslave], and Perry was at one of his parties, so we talked. He called me a few months later, and I went to his house. Flea [Red Hot Chili Peppers] was there. We wrote and played a few songs. It was always Perry's vision for this thing/band called Satellite Party. I always thought Perry was cool with Jane's Addiction and thought we could make an interesting combination. It started off great. He asked me to be his partner in crime—his Joe Perry/Keith Richards—and I agreed.

Unfortunately, weeks before the record came out, I didn't recognize the vision, him or anyone involved in the project anymore. It was like I was never there or never involved. It turned into this crazy cabaret thing that I was not interested in. Suddenly, Perry's wife ended up on the cover even though she wasn't that involved. Not to slag, but the band was Perry's thing, and I just thought I was a bit more involved. I guess I wasn't. He used it as a platform to make his wife and he more of an item. Sort of a Captain & Tennille thing or a bizarro Sonny & Cher, and I didn't want to be part of that band anymore. To be honest, I was a bit embarrassed in Europe between what she was wearing, and then I went from being in a rock band to learning choreography. Don't get me wrong, I love the Marx Brothers, but….

Do you have any good groupie stories?

I hesitate because there were some pretty crazy, insane, life-threatening groupie stories. It's hard to talk about them because they are still out there. Someone following you around the world. You would see her everywhere in

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

the first couple of rows just staring at you—in New York, then L.A. You get off an elevator at the wrong floor, and she is standing there. It got to the point where she was running at me in slow motion at one point, pulling something out of her jacket while security is stepping in. It became really obsessive and crazy.

Coming up in the late '80s and early '90s, whether you signed up for it or not, everybody has their tales of walking on the bus, and something's going on. Whether you summoned it or not, there are girls doing each other on the floor. That's just what goes on. It's a given.

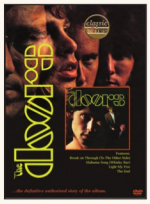
What is the most rock star thing you've ever done?

The impressive rock star stuff comes when you get thrown into a situation where you're sitting with your idols, and they know your name. Like when we were at Wembley Stadium in England as part of the Freddie Mercury tribute, and there we were in a room waiting to go on and sitting there with David Bowie and all the heroes we ever had.

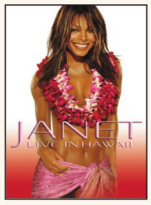
Those were the unforgettable rock star moments. Meeting Brian May of Queen, who had affected me. Meeting Jimmy Page, who came up to me and knew my name to shake my hand when I was even afraid to talk to him because he was the soundtrack of my youth and my life. That's the rock star stuff I treasure. Those are the little moments that I have taken with me. I always maintain that I'm still a fan at heart. ■

I See Sound

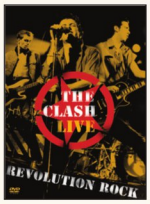
The Best New Music DVDs



CLASSIC ALBUMS:
The Doors
Still to this day the Doors' debut album is regarded as a pure masterpiece. The band's surviving members and key recording engineers dissect the 1968 release, providing an ultimate insider's view at how it was made.



JANET:
Live in Hawaii
No random nipples! We repeat, no overexposed random nipples. Just a solid slice of pleasant pop from the least freaky member of the Jackson family.

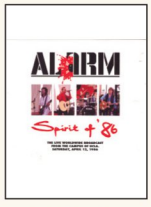


THE CLASH LIVE:
Revolution Rock
You probably never got to see the Clash in person, and that's a damn shame. For those who missed out on witnessing one of the greatest bands of all time, this new DVD documentary gathers up some of their most powerful performances. There's even an option that allows you to just enjoy the songs. Man, we miss Joe Strummer.

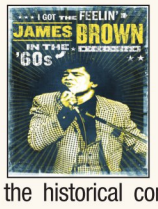
JETHRO TULL:
Jack in the Green Live in Germany
Rock 'n' roll's greatest flutist—actually its only flutist—and his merry band of codgers rip through their impressive catalog of now-classic rock staples.

EARTH, WIND & FIRE:
In Concert
Sure, the jumpsuits are ridiculous, but the jams are hot! Fronted by original lead singer Maurice White, the 1970s funksters crank out everything from "Shining Star" and "Fantasy" to "That's the Way of the World" on this 1981 concert DVD.

ZEBRA:
The DVD
Long Island's favorite sons (via New Orleans) have been rocking for 30-plus years. This disc features the trio's biggest hits, including "Tell Me What You Want" and "Who's Behind the Door."



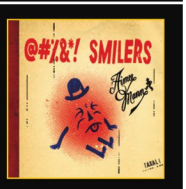
THE ALARM:
Spirit of 86
Although they never reached the status of close pals U2, the Alarm touched fans with their anthem-laden rock. This DVD takes the Welsh quartet back to 1986, when they wowed a packed house at UCLA in a concert originally broadcast on MTV.



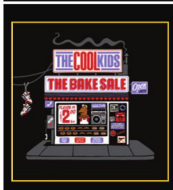
I GOT THE FEELIN':
James Brown in the '60s
This exhaustive three-DVD set captures the Godfather of Soul doing it to death. It includes the historical concert "The Night James Brown Saved Boston," which took place the day after Martin Luther King Jr.'s 1968 assassination. ■

The Dirty Dozen

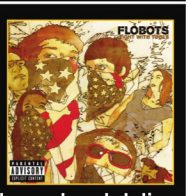
TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED



AIMEE MANN
@#%&*! Smilers
The mistress of melancholy returns! On her seventh solo CD, the Grammy- and Academy Award-nominated songstress is in fine form and somewhat happy, if you can believe that. Highlights include "Freeway" and "It's Over."

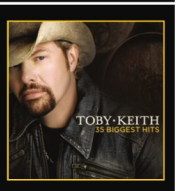


THE COOL KIDS
The Bake Sale EP
Not since the debut CDs of De La Soul and Digable Planets has a hip-hop release felt so fresh and so clean. The Cool Kids are providing the soundtrack to the summer party you never got invited to.



FLOBOTS
Fight With Tools
"Handlebars" is just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to these political hip-hop rockers. Not since Zack and company first Raged Against the Machine has a band delivered an anthem with such funky urgency.

ED HARCOURT
The Beautiful Lie
Following in the footsteps of songwriters as diverse as Tom Waits and James Taylor seems an easy feat for Harcourt. His latest CD features some of the most brilliantly crafted piano bar blues with lush orchestrations to hit your ears in years.



TOBY KEITH
35 Biggest Hits
Two CDs, almost three dozen hits. Everything is here from "I Love This Bar" to "I Wanna Talk About Me." The patriotic good ol' boy has no equal when it comes to writing songs about booze, women and the U.S. of A.

DELICIOUS VINYL ALL STARS
RMXXOLOGY
Some of today's hottest electronic artists, including Hot Chip and Peaches, remix the catalog of hip-hop's greatest small label. You haven't lived till you hear Tone Loc, the Pharcyde and Young MC remodeled for 2008 and beyond.

(continued on page 104)

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

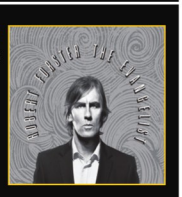
JULIANA HATFIELD
How to Walk Away

We have always loved this skinny-legged rocker—way back when she was in the Blake Babies and all through her 1990s alt-rock success. Remember "My Sister"? Of course you do. Hatfield's latest is a well-crafted collection of heartbroken gems, with Psychedelic Furs frontman Richard Butler guesting on "This Lonely Love." We love you, Juliana! As for Evan Dando, fuck you!

ALEX MOULTON
Exodus

This could be the soundtrack to the greatest futuristic porn movie ever made. Think *Barbarella* with Jane Fonda being double-teamed or Princess Leia mouthing Luke's light saber. The music is funky-and-moody electronic sounds in the vein of Daft Punk but cooler.

ROBERT FORSTER
The Evangelist

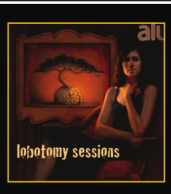


The Lennon half of Australia's rockin' Go-Betweens was always good for a healthy dose of catchy irony. On Forster's first solo CD since Go-Betweener Grant McLennan's death, his hope shines amidst the sadness.

CHROMEO
Fancy Footwork—Deluxe Edition

In just one year's time Chromeo has become the favorite of hipsters across the world. The deluxe version of their flawless disc is a two-CD affair packed with remixes, past hits, videos and a whole pile of funky-ass shit.

ALU
Lobotomy Sessions



Alu is the girl-next-door. That is, if your house is surrounded by a mental hospital, a cemetery and a drive-in that shows only vintage cartoons. The CD is packed with quirky (an understatement) pop à la early Kate Bush. Tracks include "Casket Salesman," "Martian Rendezvous" and "The Metrosexuals."

CYNDI LAUPER
Bring Ya to the Brink

Anyone who dismisses Lauper as a retro '80s artist has missed out on some innovative and fresh music in the past decade. Her voice stronger than ever, Lauper serves up a dance-inspiring collection. How can your girl not shake her ass to a track called "Same Ol' Fucking Story"?

BUN B
Pimpin' for C

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

As half of UGK (a/k/a the Underground Kingz), rapper Bun B has sold a million-plus records and is really starting to make it big-time. Sadly, the Texan's success has been marred by the untimely death of UGK cohort Pimp C due to a dangerous combination of cough syrup and sleep apnea. In search of "naked bitches," Bun B stopped by HUSTLER to talk about continuing on, Pimp C's legacy and the Sizzurp (ghetto slang for cough syrup).

HUSTLER: Welcome to HUSTLER.

BUN B: I got ask this straight up: Are y'all fucking up in here? I got to ask this shit. I'm just curious. Me, I just got this idea that I'd walk in and see a bad bitch, that you could pick up the phone and say, "Can you get me page 82 from February 2008. Yeah, the whole page, all four of them." That type of shit.

If you had called in advance, we would have made it happen.

That's some straight-up pimp shit. As a real nigger, I kind of got to ask these things. These girls are free spirits. A bitch is a free spirit.

How hard is it to continue without Pimp C?

It's still difficult in a lot of ways. There's not a day that goes by where I don't, you know, think about him and miss him—especially on certain occasions. I'm up here, and this would have been his world to be up here at HUSTLER Magazine. This was Pimp C all day right here. I feel bad for him not being able to be in this building.

What is Pimp C's legacy?

I think, you know, he'll be remembered not just as an artist but as a leader. Pimp C made great music; he wrote some great rhymes. He wanted the South as a region and artists from the South to be the best they could be—not get caught up in a lot of the petty things that tend to hold people back. Be smart, stay focused and try to take full advantage of the game.

UGK used to rap about the Sizzurp. Will you continue to do that even though it killed Pimp C?

Well, for me I think it would be in poor taste to talk about something like that, considering the circumstances. I'm not going to become some anti-syrup parader and tell everyone to put their cups down. Everybody knows whatever they're doing may not be cool. I still got some vices. I still twist up some good green, and I like to drink a little bit more Hennessy than I should. I still do songs with people that make mentions of it. Lil' Wayne is on my album, and he's talking about pouring up. I'm not here to censor anybody 'cause nobody can't censor me.

Is there going to be another UGK disc?

The whole point of our last UGK effort being a double album was that once Pimp and I got into the studio and started rolling, the music kept coming. We had a lot of stuff left over from the two-CD *Underground Kingz* release. It's just a matter of getting the music and organizing it—putting it together the right way. 'Cause if it's going to be done, we got to do it respectfully. I'm not here to make any illicit funds off my late brother.

Who's your dream collaborator?

Oh, man, 2Pac and Biggie I guess. Any artist would say that. I did a song with Pac posthumously. Time goes on. If I really had to pick anyone to record with, it would probably be my brother Pimp C. Go back in the lab one more time. That's wishful thinking. I'll have to see him in the big studio in the sky.

Got any good groupie tales?

I never really took advantage of the groupies. That was Pimp C's territory. I wish Pimp C could be here to tell you some of his stories. His whole life was a party. My brother really enjoyed and got the most out of life. You got to make sure you are doing what you want to do in life. All things considered, my brother Pimp C did everything that he wanted to do in life. A lot of people can't say that.

Bun B's Rap-A-Lot CD *II Trill* is out now. ■

Jesse Malin

Don't Let It Break You Down

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

In the early 1990s, Jesse Malin became the poster boy for New York City's Lower East Side gutter punk/glam/rock scene as the lead singer of D Generation. When it all was said and done, Malin picked up an acoustic guitar and found his true voice.

HUSTLER: How did you go from leading D Generation to becoming a sensitive singer/songwriter?

JESSE MALIN: I always liked songs. The first stuff I got into as a kid was stuff like Jim Croce, Chuck Berry, Sam Cooke and old Elton John. So to me, even when I was doing my old band D Generation, we always listened to a lot of things from Neil Young to Counting Crows and even Billy Bragg, Elvis Costello and Graham Parker. In punk I always liked the songwriters. Mick [Jones] and Joe [Strummer] from the Clash were my Lennon and McCartney growing up. Then Paul Westerberg. I thought if I could play my songs on a Marshall stack, then I could play them with an acoustic guitar. It is all about the content. I didn't reinvent myself, but decided to get quieter to make people listen.

Was there a conscious effort to make your first solo CD sound so drastically different from D Generation's material?

I worked a lot to find a new voice for myself. In D Generation I was screaming a lot, hitting myself with the microphone. It was tight and full of angst. I think anger still has a very important place in rock music—even if you're a "singer/songwriter." I wanted to redefine myself, so I stripped it down.

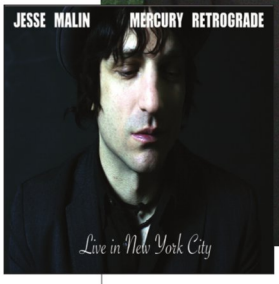
How did you hook up with singer/songwriter Ryan Adams?

When I was in D Generation, I became friends with him after we played a show in North Carolina. We just started hitting it off, talking about Bad Brains, Sonic Youth, Neil Young, the Replacements and New York and beer and guitars. Ryan moved to New York, and we started palling around. He was really encouraging me to go solo. I thought that was kind of scary because if you were a solo artist, that was a bit too adult. Like Jackson Browne. I was used to being in a gang and having some humor about it.

Flash forward: Ryan heard my demos and offered to produce the first record. He had a week off in his touring schedule, and we went into New York's Loho Studio and did the record live in five days, warts and all.

How did Bruce Springsteen end up on your *Glitter in the Gutter* CD?

Came about in one fruity way in that he had been someone. Just because of his street type of lyrics and the honesty and the working class stories with cinematic-ness of his stuff that spoke to me. I said to my manager when we finished the first solo CD that I wished Bruce could hear this. I knew he was a D Generation fan because I met him at the Grammys when we were on Columbia. I also did a cover of "Hungry Heart" for a Bruce benefit CD called *Light of Day*. He heard that and got my record.



One night he came down to see me at The Stone Pony club in Asbury Park, New Jersey, but missed the show. We ended up talking backstage after it. He asked me to play some benefit shows with him. We did a week of shows with his band backing me up doing my songs and then him doing his songs. It was pretty surreal and wonderful. Years later I told him that I was starting my third record in L.A. He said if something came up, he'd like to be on it, but only if something came up. He was very humble about it.

I was living in Los Angeles when we started going through the 30 songs. I had this song I had written about my mom, which I didn't really know that it was about. She died when I was in my teens, and she was a frustrated singer who had gone through a bad divorce, ended up being a waitress and makeup artist—whatever she had to do to get by and raise us kids.

If a song came on in the car for two or three minutes, and if it was the right song, she would start singing it. You could just feel the liberation and power. I started thinking about how for people in their horrible days, music can be that kind of salvation. I said this is a song for Bruce. The piano style of it had a Neil Young/Springsteen '70s thing.

I sent him a rough vocal and a letter. Didn't hear from him until two weeks later; then I had a very L.A. moment driving down the freeway in a rent-a-car, and it was Bruce calling from his home in New Jersey, saying he loved it and let's go. I got out of L.A. for a bit and went to his home studio. He pulled up on his motorcycle and did a song I wrote about my mom in my crappy little apartment, and here's the guy that sang "Thunder Road," and we're doing it together. We recently shot a video in his barn in New Jersey and in my old neighborhood, the Lower East Side in New York.

What is your songwriting process like?

I always carry a pen and am scribbling stuff—writing on popcorn bags in the movies, scraps of paper, even my hands. Then I distill it all into a composition notebook. I have a stack of them around the house. Joe Strummer once said, "No input, no output." So I like to read, go to a movie, listen to other artists. I need to be constantly taking stuff in to get that muse going.

What do you think the state of rock is today?

I think we're on the cusp of a big change. With rock 'n' roll there are some great artists out there. I think there are some great things that you can say along the lines of "Fuck the man" because kids can now put their music online and share with the world so fast. On the flipside, some of the mystery and romance is lost because the Internet tells us too much. It's kind of cool not to know what happened last night. I like the idea of people having to come out to shows and be with strangers, be at this ritual. Spontaneous things happen when you're out there.

Same thing with when you're in a record store. You might fall in love. You might meet somebody that you make a band with. You might buy a different record.

Jesse Malin's live CD, *Mercury Retrograde*, is available as a digital-only release at all major music providers.

Movie Mammaries

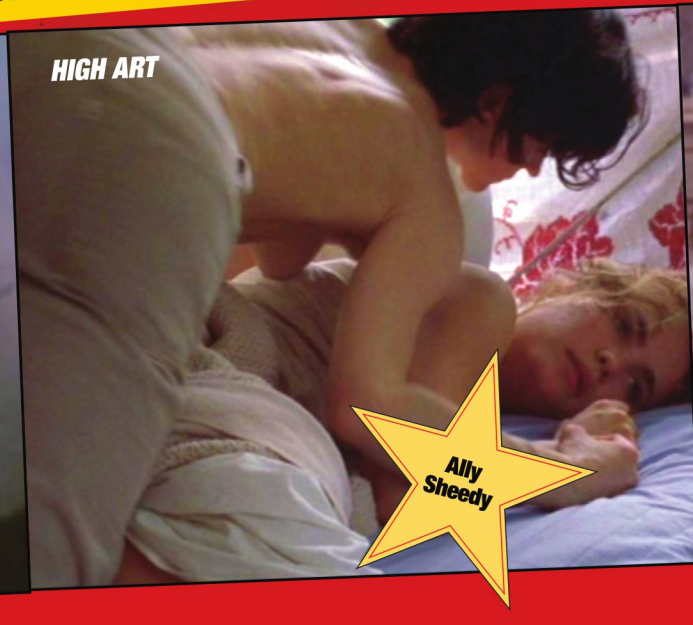
ASIA ARGENTO
INDIE DARLING

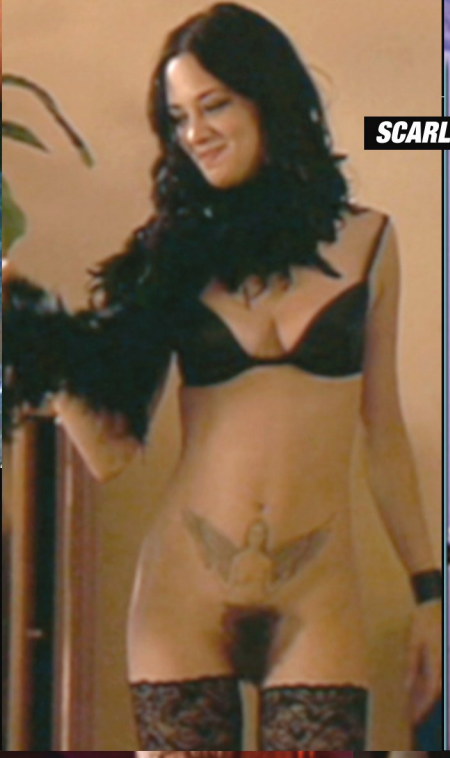
Asia Argento was literally born into the movie business. (Daddy is a director.) Lucky for us, the Italian temptress has inherited **Dario Argento**'s fascination with daring, tit-filled films. Asia gave the moviegoing world its first revealing glimpse at her tight little body in *Trauma*, a 1993 film directed by her father. Next came a blast of bountiful bush in *Queen Margot* (1994), but it took four more years for Asia's awesome ass to make its triumphal debut in *Viola Kisses Everybody* (1998).

But Argento made 1998 even more memorable, popping up in not just one or two but three additional boob-baring flicks. *New Rose Hotel* showcases the unbashful pixie in several topless scenes opposite the creepy **Willem Dafoe**. In her dad's big-screen adaptation of *The Phantom of the Opera*, Asia will make you hit a high note as her supple breasts are exposed again and again. In the last of 1998's four-pack, *B. Monkey* (which we think is short for blow monkey), Argento portrays an out-of-control woman who thankfully finds clothes offensive.

Our favorite film in the looker's risqué résumé has to be *Scarlet Diva* (2000), in which Asia shows off a full-belly tattoo, hearty muff and not much else. This DVD needs to be in your player ASAP! Other worthy Argento offerings include 2001's *Love Bites* (for a great peek at her breathtaking butt) and 2004's *The Heart*

Rent These NOW!





SCARLET DIVA

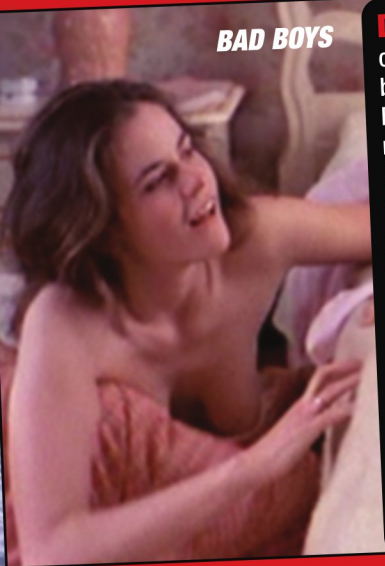
THE HEART IS DECEITFUL ABOVE ALL THINGS

MOTHER OF TEARS

Is Deceitful Above All Things, in which she's cast as a stripper with a heart of gold. (Is there any other kind?)

Lucky for us, success has yet to spoil the Eurobabe, whose desire to flaunt her phenomenal body onscreen continues to flourish. In *Boarding Gate* (2007), opposite our pal **Michael Madsen,** she plays a kickass hooker/dominatrix/femme fatale. Finally, the shower scene in *Mother of Tears* (2007) proves once and for all that Asia Argento is one of cinema's hottest marquee actresses.

LUSTY LADIES OF THE '80S: Molly Ringwald & Ally Sheedy



BAD BOYS

During the "Reagan years" the ruling queens of the box office were **Molly Ringwald** and **Ally Sheedy**. As members of Hollywood's young-actors clique known as the Brat Pack, the two starred in dozens of the decade's most memorable films, notably *Pretty in Pink*, *St. Elmo's Fire*, *Sixteen Candles* and *Short Circuit*. Ringwald and Sheedy even teamed up in the John Hughes classic *The Breakfast Club*. This month we fire up the Delorean and take a trip back in time to study the ladies' "totally awesome" bodies of work. Instead of focusing on their better-known films, we're reviewing some of the duo's lesser-known flicks. Why? Because those are the ones they're naked in! Duh!

During her prime, **Molly Ringwald** refrained from nudity on the silver screen. It was only when the spotlight inevitably started to fade that the carrottop wound up offering up her boobs for public consumption in *Malicious* (1995). We have to say it was well worth the wait. Ringwald's all-natural breasts (not to mention her orgasmic performance) truly are "pretty in pink." If you need a little more Molly, check out her clumsy striptease in the 1996 French flick *Enfants de Salaud* (retitled as *Bastard Brood* in the States).

Ally Sheedy didn't wait until late in her career to serve up a peek at her pert peaks. She appears topless in *Bad Boys* (1983) after a bedroom tryst with **Sean Penn**. While this flash of famous flesh was appreciated, it pales in comparison to Sheedy's major mammary exposure, which happened some years later in the independent film *High Art* (1998). Sheedy not only spends the bulk of the movie topless, she also engages in some scorching lesbian action. We suggest you rush out and rent this titillating title today…for art's sake!

Remember, HUSTLER faithfully delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' wishes. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com.*

FAMOUS FLESH

NIPPLES OF NOTE—NICE!

Amy Winehouse

Madonna

As pop's reigning queen of tabloid overexposure, **Amy Winehouse** knows how to make headlines. Here's the beehive-bouffant-bedecked crooner looking slightly out of it after a visit with her imprisoned hubby/drug buddy Blake Fielder-Civil. We're glad to see that Amy is finally giving her public the kind of attention-grabber we appreciate—nip slips!

Want more musical mammaries? Well, look no further than this recent shot of the venerable queen of pop, **Madonna**, donning a sheer top. The provocative singer/actress (hey, she tried) is no stranger to using sex appeal for self-promotion. Fresh off the release of her new CD, *Hard Candy*, the former Mrs. **Sean Penn** and current (or soon-to-be-ex) Mrs. **Guy Ritchie** makes an eye-opening arrival on the red carpet. It's nice to see that those 50-year-old boobies are holding up so well.

Reality TV has spawned several "stars" in recent years. The genre's latest in a crop of talentless talents is **Whitney Port** from *The Hills*. The wannabe actress and onetime *Teen Vogue* contributor has graced the MTV reality show for the past three painful seasons. Seriously, who watches that crap? No one! Guess that explains why the 23-year-old is prolonging her 15 minutes of fame by showing off her best side in public. Here, while eating at the ultraposh celebrity hangout The Ivy in Beverly Hills, Port lets one of her perky pals out for a breath of fresh air. We suggest that this stellar performance is worthy of an Emmy. Or at the very least a HUSTLER nude spread. Whaddaya say, Whitney?

Got any pictures of the rich and famous being risqué and shameless? Please get in touch with us. We might buy and publish them. Fire off an e-mail to ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***.

Whitney Port

Hanging Out
SHAY LAREN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR

Gentlemen, please, a moment of silence for the end of yet another porn star's career. Yes, **Shay Laren** is making her unexpected swan song. "You guys are lucky because this is my last-ever nude photo-shoot," the breathtaking Georgia peach proclaims. "I've stopped doing films, and I can't wait to go home. If all goes according to plan, I'll be resuming college and finally settling down."

We always wonder why a to-die-for chick would leave a lucrative career behind, and **Shay** certainly has good reasons. “Doing adult movies is a lot harder than most girls realize,” she acknowledges. “It takes a toll on your body and mind. I first got into the biz because I love sex, but after three years I started to get bored screwing for a living. I knew it was time to quit. Luckily, I’ve saved my money and am able to make a new life for myself. Now I can get back to having sex just for me.”

Of course, **Shay** has some misgivings. "I think I'll miss the glamour and excitement part," she coos. "And the fans. I met some of the coolest guys while I was in porn. They were always so very supportive and kind. For that I'll always be grateful."

Enjoy your retirement, **Shay**, but we sure hope you'll reconsider and come back ASAP.

SHAY LAREN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Alpharetta, Georgia | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 110

BY REZA FARAZMAND

PHOTOS COURTESY DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION

The Theta Chi fraternity house (right) was a focal point of the joint federal-local sting operation at SDSU that seized evidence at numerous locations on and around campus.

Overdose of Justice?

Scores of **San Diego State University** students are rounded up in a sweeping drug bust.

During finals week of the spring semester, 95 San Diego State University students—and 30 others—were arrested on assorted drug-related charges in a series of raids conducted by federal and local law-enforcement agencies. The roundup culminated a year-long undercover sting operation targeting dealers and buyers at SDSU, particularly members of several fraternities.

At the residences of students and non-SDSU-affiliated individuals, investigators confiscated up to $100,000 worth of cocaine, marijuana, Ecstasy, psylocibin mushrooms, illicit prescription drugs and other substances. They also seized $60,000 in cash and various weapons, including a shotgun and three semiautomatic pistols.

According to the District Attorney's Office of San Diego County, 54 SDSU students were arrested by Drug Enforcement Administration agents, who suspected a direct connection to the originally targeted traffickers. The remaining 41 were arrested by campus police officers for minor offenses uncovered between January and May 2008. Officials said these suspects were not necessarily connected to the drug ring, but were arrested in accordance with the university's zero-tolerance drug policy.

The D.A.'s office also noted that one student apprehended in the raids—Omar Castaneda-Arce, 36—is a documented gang member with suspected ties to Mexican drug cartels. Officials also said that the suspect had served three years in prison for a previous drug offense. Searching Castaneda-Arce's home, investigators reportedly discovered a kilogram of cocaine.

Campus police and the DEA initiated the undercover investigation, dubbed Operation Sudden Fall, in response to an SDSU coed's death by cocaine overdose in May 2007.

Investigators discovered incriminating ledgers and text messages.

When a San Diego Mesa College student succumbed to oxycodone and alcohol poisoning at an SDSU fraternity in February 2008, authorities were prompted to step up their efforts.

"This investigation spotlights two tragedies," said the DEA's Special Agent in Charge, Ralph W. Partridge. "The tragic drug overdose deaths of two college students and, secondly, the shattered futures of those students who choose to engage in the illicit sale and usage of myriad controlled substances."

During Operation Sudden Fall, DEA agents posing as students made more than 130 separate drug transactions with members of SDSU fraternities, and several members of Theta Chi and Phi Kappa Psi were among those arrested. Officials said that in some fraternities, nearly all of the members were aware that drug sales were being conducted within their own frat houses.

Two days after the raids, SDSU suspended six fraternities—Theta Chi, Phi Kappa Psi, Lambda Chi Alpha, Phi Kappa Theta, Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Sigma Alpha Mu—pending further investigation.

On the day of the bust, SDSU President Stephen L. Weber announced: "Certainly today's arrests underscore the scope of the challenges universities face as we fight this major societal problem. We are determined to remove people from our community who have placed our students at risk and to see that they are turned over to the criminal justice system."

Although Weber publicly hailed the arrests as a victory for San Diego State University, others have called the investigation unnecessary and ultimately ineffective. Following Operation Sudden Fall's highly publicized conclusion, some campus groups have raised concerns over its impact on university life.

At a rally prompted by the raids, members of Students for Sensible Drug Policy—a national awareness organization committed to reducing the harms caused by drug abuse and drug policies—criticized the undercover operation. Randy Hencken, president of the organization's SDSU chapter, believes the bust will likely have little effect on student drug use in the long run.

"We've seen those big piles of drugs and money on our TV screens before, over and over again, for the past three decades, and the availability of drugs has not changed," Hencken proclaimed. "So long as students have the desire to use illegal drugs, and so long as the prohibition of drugs sustains a lucrative black market, drug stings will do little more than create openings for others to step in and supply these drugs."

Reza Farazmand is a University of California, San Diego junior majoring in political science and is news editor of the school's student-run newspaper, *The Guardian*.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 143 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

"Doing stuff under a waterfall would be something new!"

Jessica: California State University, Stanislaus

"Guys at school look at me all the time," professes Jessica, 21, a sophomore at the CSU system's picturesque campus in California's Central Valley. "Now they won't have to mentally undress me as I walk by or sit in class. They can open up the magazine, see what I've been hiding and think all those dirty thoughts." Not that the 5-foot-8 liberal arts major—who careerwise aspires to be a corporate head honcho—doesn't have some of her own. Addressing our favorite subject, Jessica confides, "When it comes to sex, I tend to be submissive and kinky. I like being locked down with handcuffs and having my hair pulled." And strictly by hombres. "I'm not even very bi-curious," reckons the "between boyfriends" volleyball, hiking and swimming enthusiast, who shares a pad with two other coeds and a birthday with the soon-to-be-evicted occupant of the Oval Office. As a fresh new face displaying a marked disdain for modesty and bush, the lanky cutie is assured of an awesome approval rating, especially with America's fighting men. "Wearing camo lingerie was a naughty way to show my support for the troops," Jessica acknowledges. But taking it off is even more appealing. Bravo!

—Photos by Friend

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Nasty **Fixation**: Nautica Thorn stokes Jada's fire.*

*Nautica nurtures your **Fixation**.*

Fixation

NAUTICA THORN PRODUCTIONS/LFP VIDEO. DIRECTORS: NAUTICA THORN, PAYASO & SANCHO. STARRING: NAUTICA THORN, JADA FIRE, JASMINE BYRNE, NADIA STYLES, RILEY SHY, CHRIS STROKES, MIKEY BUTDERS, CHEYNE COLLINS & CHRIS CANNON.

If you have a thing for Hawaiian hotbox Nautica Thorn (who doesn't?), get this disc. And we're not just saying that because we get a piece of it. *Fixation*, easily Nautica's most intense effort in a long time, showcases the dreamgirl's first girl/girl anal scene. And she couldn't have chosen a better partner. Black beauty Jada Fire heats up the session with some expert dildo work while Nautica waves her sweet ass in the air like a pussycat in heat. Jada, Elegant Angel's reigning Squirtwoman, also keeps the star cool with girl gush galore—a true Nautical fantasy. The boy/girl pairings are steamy as well, especially a hot turn by the always-slammin' Latina lovely Jasmine Byrne. If Nautica Thorn wasn't your personal fixation before, she will be now. —M.J.

Penny Flame feasts on **Predator** Stormy Daniels.

***Miss New Booty**: Delotta takes a lotta.*

*Sex-slave twister: **Predator**'s minions frolic in the lair.*

*"I found you!" Pinky's prime **Booty** sings.*

Predator II: The Return

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. STARRING: STORMY DANIELS, ADRIANNA NICOLE, ALEKTRA BLUE, ALINE, GIANNA LYNN, HOLLY WEST, KELLY WELLS, LEXI LAMOUR, MEMPHIS MONROE, NIKITA DENISE, PENNY FLAME, ROXY DEVILLE & SAMMIE RHODES.

Stormy Daniels is back as a crazed lesbo who can't get enough pussy. Now that's what we call identifying with your audience! It's Halloween night, and a bunch of Valley Girls take on a sorority dare to explore an old circus museum where—surprise, surprise—Stormy is lurking in wait to lick their crotches and plug their holes with an assortment of designer dildos. Judging by the wet twats and squeals, the hapless "victims" don't seem to mind being her sex slaves all that much, but they make a show of being scared anyway. Since the sex is largely the phony-moany type, keep telling yourself it's just a movie, and you'll be fine. Plus, the lineup is wall-to-wall eye candy (Gianna Lynn and Memphis Monroe never looked more succulent), and the leading lady's directing is solid and well-paced. Great job, Stormy. Now let's see your Predator take on Alien! ***—M.J.***

Miss New Booty #2

DEF/JUICY ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: JOHN E. DEPTH. STARRING: TIA SWEETS, BLACK DAHLIA, DONNA RED, DELOTTA BROWN, PINKY, ACE, COUNTRE PIPES, DEVLIN WEED & JOHN E. DEPTH.

Street wisdom has it that white guys like their black girls nice and dark, while black guys like their sistas light. If that's true, *Miss New Booty #2* is straight up. A crew of hung dudes cruises strip malls and other trashy locales looking for some loose new booty—the milkier the better. This being porn, every ghetto gal they come across is game. Some of the performances are a little lazy, or just chilled out if you prefer. The always-lovely Donna Red and Delotta Brown—not new names to fans of black porn—make sure this flick has the pretty it needs. But booty phenom Pinky is the real reason guys—especially the brothas—will be pumping their fists. Squealing and sucking like a sump pump, the high-yellow girl with the DayGlo hair and endearing waddle (that's a lotta ass to carry around) turns yet another mediocre movie into some solid bank. ***—M.J.***

*Surprise party: Rachel turns **Barely Legal**.*

*Alexa and Tahlia work off some **Baby Fat**.*

*Spoiled **Baby**: Emma lives a soft life.*

*Plumply **Legal**: the more Jersey, the better.*

__MNB2__ penetrates the mysteries of Black Dahlia.

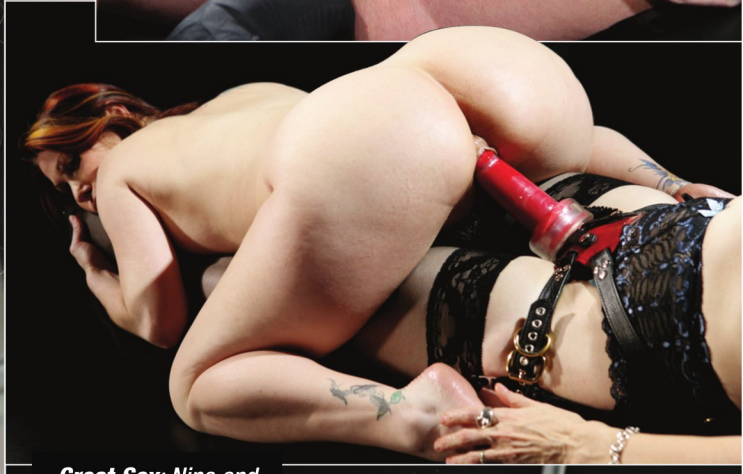
Barely Legal Baby Fat

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JUAN CASAS. STARRING: ALEXA JORDAN, JERSEY CUMMINGS, BROOKE SCOTT, TAHLIA JORDAN, EMMA CUMMINGS, RACHEL SOLARI, LEE STONE, DERRICK PIERCE, VAN DAMAGE & JAY LASSITER.

Remember making out with those soft, squishy girls in high school? They weren't fat, just pleasantly puffy. This *Barely Legal* disc captures those fertile moments with a lineup of doll-faced semen sponges. Besides being particularly striking in the looks department, Brooke Scott knows how to wrap her pudgy young flesh around a cock, but the fun girl/girl between Tahlia and Alexa may be the real standout. These plump sweeties are tastier than fresh bubblegum. Another pleasant surprise is Rachel Solari, who turns in a scene worthy of a porn-school graduate. While not totally balls-to-the-wall, *Baby Fat* ably delivers the trademark *Barely Legal* goods, and it's nice to see a place in the biz for chicks who just can't be bothered with the starve-yourself-skinny thing. Bring on the ice cream! **—M.J.**

*Violet Blue and hubby do it the family way in **Great Sex During Pregnancy**.*

*Got MILF? **Nina Hartley** and **Tiffany Mynx** show off the virtues of **Pregnancy**.*



***Great Sex**: Nina and Tiffany get maternal.*

Nina Hartley's Guide to Great Sex During Pregnancy

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ERNEST GREENE. STARRING: TIFFANY MYNX, VIOLET BLUE, DICK DANGER & NINA HARTLEY.

The sight of Tiffany Mynx's milk-bloated rack is reason enough to gawk at this new installment of Nina Hartley's erotic guides. The disc features two sex scenes with bulbous, knocked-up beauties and a wealth of information about the do's and don'ts of dealing with a woman at her most feminine (in other words, most sensitive and unpredictable). Porn legend Hartley straps on a tool to demonstrate the best way to pleasure Tiffany. (If you thought the one-time Buttwoman was a bombshell before, wait till you see her here.) In the follow-up, Violet Blue and partner Dick Danger demonstrate how prego-fucking looks with a real dick. If the family way is your thing, you've probably already bought this. ***—M.J.***

The People VS. Max Hardcore

The porn police finally nailed the filthiest man in XXX. Smutmeister Jim Powers says the industry should be up in arms.

Paul F. Little (a/k/a Hardcore) at federal court in Florida with attorneys Louis Sirkin and Daniel Aaronson.

Max in action with Layla (left) and Teena

In June 2008 a Florida jury pronounced extreme-porn entrepreneur Max Hardcore (real name Paul F. Little) guilty on ten counts of selling obscene material and shipping it through the U.S. mail. A pioneer of gonzo, Hardcore is notorious for flicks full of starlets gagging, puking and guzzling piss. He cuts the rough stuff out for his U.S.-market DVDs, but the unexcised versions were available online—which was part of the government's case against him. Within the industry the game has long been to see if Max got away with his antics before trying the same tricks. This time he didn't.

Hardcore's attorney, Louis Sirkin, argues that this is a First Amendment case, even though legal precedent says free speech doesn't apply to obscenity. "We believe in freedom of speech, and this is a setback," Sirkin announced. "We expect to get our day of reckoning. It's not over."

Even if the verdict is overturned on appeal, it could still have a chilling effect. No smutmaker wants to risk a money-sucking court battle with a jury of people who hate what he or she does.

Director Jim Powers—whose girl-wrenching gimmicks include bukkake, gagging and other extreme sexual hijinks—isn't easily scared. But even he admits that after the Hardcore verdict, the blood is in the water. "Max was railroaded," Powers insists. "Never mind that he's the Freddy Krueger of this industry. The fact is he never sold the movies. The distributor did and was granted immunity. So it was a witch-hunt. Any company could face this same dilemma. The Internet convictions are even scarier. How do you control who watches your movies online?

"Everybody in porno seems to have this little theory that what they are doing is okay. 'Look, we're not doing anal. We're not doing this. We're not doing that.' But porno is one big sewer, and we're all floating in it. Whether you're a sinker or a floater, a lot of people still think you're shit."

Powers, known for his outrageous characters and scenarios, points out that the skin biz creates fantasies in a highly regulated production process. "Max Hardcore is a character," Powers emphasizes. "He represents the big bad wolf pedophile, but he is only that—a character. The girls are all of proven age and doing it of their own free will. It is an act. Because of his character, he was an easy target. History will show Max as an icon and martyr. God bless Max Hardcore!"

At press time, Paul F. Little a/k/a Max Hardcore was awaiting sentencing. ***—M.J.***

HUSTLER intern Maeve Scanlon contributed to this report.

Go, go **MILFzilla**! Kelly, Mae and Ava (far right) make the earth shake.

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*Whitney Stevens adds succulence to HUSTLER's **Busty Beauties Maximum Boobs**.*

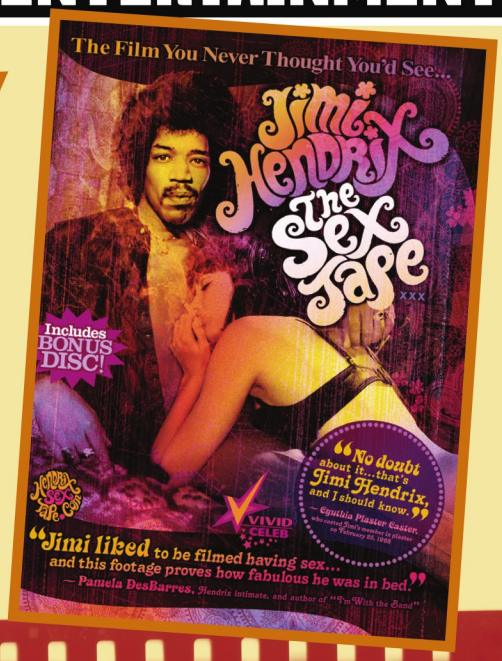
MILFzilla

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICHARD DE MONTFORT. STARRING: KELLY LEIGH, MAE VICTORIA, AVA DEVINE, ADRIANNA NICOLE, ALINE, CHARLIE MAC, JON JON, JORDAN ASH, CHRIS CHARMING, ADAM WOOD, PHATZANE & ICE COLD.

The box screams, "When cock-hungry MILFs attack!" and that's pretty much what you get. Director de Montfort isn't known for his restraint; the action comes hard, fast and every which way but nice. Interracial, multiple partners, ass-banging—it's all here. By the way, this vid isn't just for MILF fetishists. If you didn't know these ladies were "moms I'd like to fuck," you wouldn't care. Cum-catching redhead Mae Victoria kicks off the mature content with a gorgeous face and a fiery, full-grown muff. Ava Devine follows up with a wide-eyed, spunky performance. It's hard to single anybody out here, but if there is a standout, it's electrifying Adrianna Nicole, who teaches a boy young enough to be her son that ATM means a lot more than a place to pick up cash. *MILFzilla* may be primitive and earthshaking, but it ain't no dinosaur. ***—M.J.***

Hendrix or Hoax?

With *Jimi Hendrix: The Sex Tape*, Vivid claims a celebrity-porn coup. But the jury's still out.


The Film You Never Thought You'd See...
Jimi Hendrix
The Sex Tape
XXX
Includes BONUS DISC!
"No doubt about it...that's Jimi Hendrix, and I should know."
— Cynthia Plaster Caster
VIVID CELEB
"Jimi liked to be filmed having sex... and this footage proves how fabulous he was in bed."
— Pamela DesBarres, Hendrix intimate, and author of "I'm With the Band"

In late 2007, rumors started circulating that Vivid Entertainment had gotten its hands on authentic footage of rock immortal Jimi Hendrix having sex 40 years ago. Greeted by a blog war between believers and debunkers, the fabled disc finally went on sale in June '08.

Jimi Hendrix: The Sex Tape, which mostly comes off as a low-rent rockumentary, contains 11 minutes of Hendrix (or a well-hung lookalike) in a threesome with a pair of anonymous white chicks. Along with groupie interviews, we get a few snatches of info on how the footage was found. Ostensibly, a memorabilia collector picked up an old 8mm reel labeled "Black Man" at a London auction and eventually struck a deal with Vivid.

As for the "authentication" process, which remains a little murky, Vivid's controversial DVD features such "experts" as supergroupies Pamela Des Barres and Cynthia Plastercaster. Des Barres peddles the hearsay that Hendrix was "packin'" and was "great in bed," while Plastercaster claims to have once rendered his cock in the memento she's named after.

Vivid's sex tape certainly doesn't support Des Barres's "great in bed" assertion. The supposed Hendrix mostly just lays there! And suspiciously, the whole thing is shot and edited in the stiff style of a typical '60s stag film. It's not the experience you'd expect from someone as vibrant as the guitar god who played face-shredding solos with his teeth.

No wonder the *New York Times* referred to the guy in the footage as a "man who *resembles* Hendrix." It may not be easy for Vivid to prove that the "Black Man" is actually Jimi Hendrix, but proving that he isn't may be just as tough. You'll just have to decide for yourself—or believe what you want to believe. Isn't that what porn's all about anyway?

—M.J.

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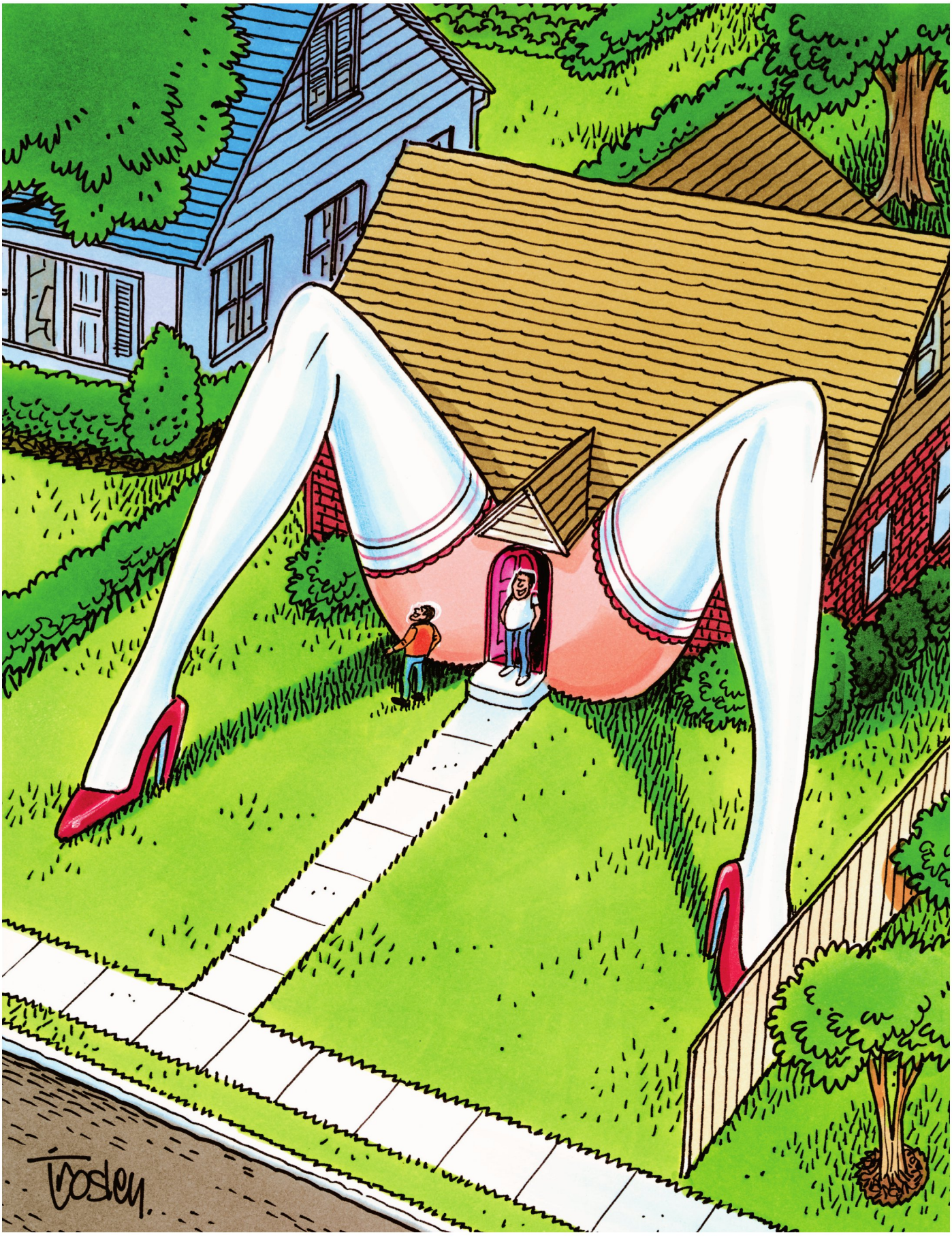
Her First Time
HANNA HILTON & JACK VENICE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

Naturally top-heavy **Hanna Hilton** has been a HUSTLER fave since January '07, but you've never seen her in a layout quite like this. At long last she's obliged us with her first boy/girl magazine shoot.

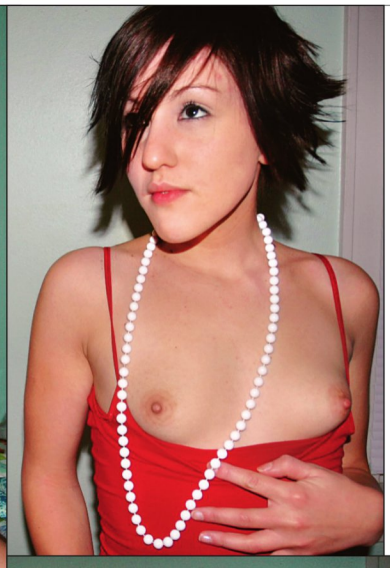
"Doing this layout was a lot like the day I lost my virginity," Ms. **Hilton** chirps. "I was very nervous and giggling quite a bit. I felt like a clumsy, inexperienced teenager all over again. That was until I saw Jack's cock. Then I knew it was time to get down to business. It's always been that way with me. The minute a guy takes off his pants, I get wet. He doesn't even have to touch me. The anticipation of what's about to happen really gets me going."

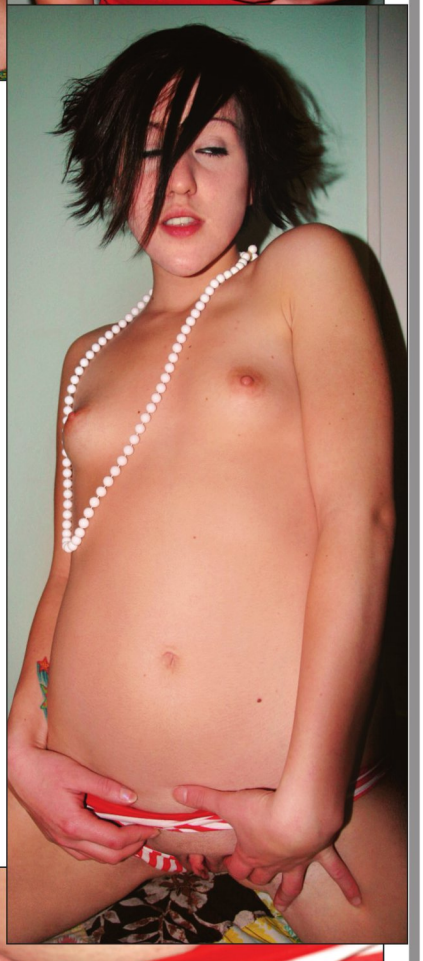
Actually, **Hanna** seems ready to go at any time. "I love having sex right after I get out of the shower or the tub," she asserts. "There's nothing better than being dirty right after getting squeaky-clean. I also love having my pussy eaten out. If a guy doesn't lick me just right, he's not going to be around very long."

Now that **Hanna** has finally done a hard-core spread, is there any chance we'll see more down-and-dirty hijinks? "I think I might do more shoots like this," **Hanna** reckons. "As long as the action is as hot as this one was. I can't think of a better way to make a living. Can you?"



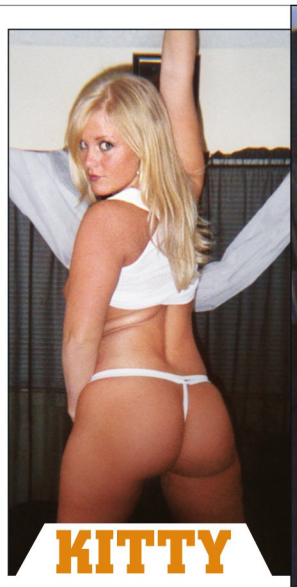
"Actually, up until this, I'd never even heard of the HUSTLER Home Improvement Company."





LYNNE

It always seems apropos to get the ball rolling with a gal from Oregon, the Beaver State, and deservedly doing the honors is this immodest account manager from Eugene. Declares Lynne, 22, "I'm open to try anything, and being nude in your magazine could only be fun." Not that she's short of that. In her spare time the 5-foot-5 hottie is fond of "hiking, camping, skateboarding and sunbathing naked on my roof." Onto sex, Lynne readily professes, "I'm pretty wild! I like exploring different regions, giving oral to men and women, doggy-style and having sex outdoors. I don't have much to fantasize about these days, but I'd love to be ravished by a man who really enjoys my body." It sure is enjoyable. —Photos by Lynne



KITTY

A marketing consultant from Woodland, California, has landed in our midst, and the bodacious feline is here to display the whole kit and caboodle and let us know how she thinks. "I may look like the girl-next-door," states Kitty, 26, "but behind closed doors I'm not all sweet-and-innocent. I'm experimentally frisky, and I get a little dirty." And not just due to her boudoir penchant for "anal sex and bringing out the toys." As the 5-foot-2 sprite explains, "I'm girlie about tanning and nails, but the other me enjoys tearing up the countryside on a dirt bike. I live for excitement, which led me to send in my naked pictures." Before racing off into the proverbial sunset, Kitty—whose fantasy is "to be a hot nurse"—confides, "I'm a voyeur of sorts. I love to listen to other people having sex." Looking at and listening to Kitty is mighty exciting. —Photos by Boyfriend

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

VALERIE

Superbly accounting for herself in a brand-new realm is this 21-year-old accountant from Somersworth, New Hampshire. "I'm very excited," Valerie marvels. "I've never done anything like *this* before!" Now the 5-foot-8 bride-to-be's pastime ledger—"video games, hiking, bowling, skateboarding, swimming, tennis and going to tropical paradises"—has another entry. As for hanky-panky, Valerie lets on, "I'm adventurous and submissive in bed." Rounding out her carnal psyche, the statuesque newbie discloses, "I often fantasize about having sex under a waterfall with people around. I like dangerous situations, and I'm turned on by the idea of getting caught." —Photos by Fiancé

"Being eaten out always takes me to paradise!"

JENNI

"My husband was kind of surprised I'd send you naked pictures," coos this appetizing food packer from Celina, Ohio, "but I'm not ashamed to show myself off. I've been an exhibitionist for a long time." Jenni, 26, lists her interests as "sex, casinos, movies, four-wheeling and road trips," and that first item merits further scrutiny. "I'm on the wild side and up for anything," the 5-foot-3 cutie reveals. "I love riding and doggy-style, I'm definitely into anal, and I've had threesomes." As if those proclivities weren't wild enough, Jenni goes on to mention, "I've had sex in public places and while driving in a car." No wonder she likes road trips! An Ohio State University football die-hard, Jenni—who masturbates "with toys or just my fingers"—has a fantasy that involves hitting the road again: "Right before the Michigan game I'd like to stand naked in a Columbus hotel window near the stadium so everyone can see me as I yell, 'Go Buckeyes!' And during halftime I'd have my first foursome." —Photos by Husband

"I love to be packed with my husband's meat!"

SOFIA

"My fantasy is to have sex in a tree house!"

Getting her feet wet as a nude model, this Californian by way of Walnut Grove chirps, "I wanted to try something new. I'm not a shy person." Attesting to her outgoing personality, Sofia, 26, was once a hotel concierge, and now the travel buff works in public relations, piquing our interest in her pubic relations. "I'm bi *and* curious," admits the 5-foot-6 tyro, who keeps fit as a fiddle with yoga and belly dancing. "I love experimenting and being in control. I also have a toe fetish. I like to paint my girlfriends' toenails when they come over." Seeing Sofia butt naked is a real treat, but new bedmates get a bonus surprise. "I have a sex swing in my bedroom," divulges the "always horny" doggy-style enthusiast, who can't resist taking matters into her own hands. "I masturbate every day," the tantalizer fesses up. "It's a great stress-reliever." So's Sofia—in person and in Larry Flynt's flagship publication. —Photos by Friend

BRITTNEY

Meet an uninhibited flight attendant from Mobile, Alabama, who rings her own call button in bed. "I like being instructed on what to do," purrs Brittney, 33. "I'm a horny Southern submissive." Down on the ground the 5-foot-6 newcomer's hobbies include "running, reading and watching porn," while her sex life runs both ways. "I love big dicks and sweet pussies," Brittney asserts. "My favorite position is doggy-style, but anal makes it even better." And what a perfect fantasy! "I want to have sex in the skies!" the flygirl howls. —Photos by Friend

SEXY LITTLE MAMA

Roll over, Beethoven! Here's a 5-foot-2 gas station attendant from Lewisville, Texas, who adores your music and "hanging out with my boyfriend, playing the piano naked and, of course, lots and lots of hot, wild sex." Born in South Korea and partial to "receiving oral" and "doing odd things," Sexy Little Mama, 27, elaborates, "My favorite place for sex is when I'm surrounded by nature." So that's why the "still straight" filly's "deepest fantasy is to be with my guy and a hot girlfriend in the woods till the break of dawn." —Photos by Boyfriend

"Knowing that men are looking at my pictures and getting off turns me on!"

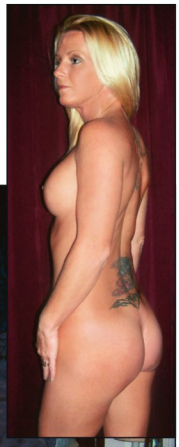
MORIANNA

Now sporting a wedding band but still keen on disrobing for us, this ultrapopular Beaver and Internet goddess from Bloomington, Indiana, returns as a MILF to celebrate her 22nd birthday in December. "I'm sorry it took so long for new pics," Morianna pipes, "but I've been busy taking care of the twins—and my husband when they're asleep!" On that note the 5-foot-4 "*GTA* fanatic" and band acolyte (Insane Clown Posse, Ween and Pink Floyd) relishes "anal beads, lots of sex, sucking cock and getting fucked in the ass!" In closing, Morianna—a self-described "freaky nympho hippie"—quips, "I get a buzz wondering what else dudes are up to when they see me naked 'n' all." Cheers, sweetheart!—Photos by Husband

"I'm a big fan of Pink Floyd and of showing pink in HUSTLER Magazine!"

GOLDILOX

"I'm a swamp girl and an exhibitionist," proclaims this energetic five-footer from Everglades, Florida, who was born in December '69 and is soon to be a granny. "Getting into *Beaver Hunt* made me feel really good!" And making others feel really good is a key pastime for the motorcycling aficionada. "My goal whenever I have sex," Goldilox avows, "is for the man to walk away and say, 'Wow!'" Meanwhile, the ardent Jenna Jameson worshiper will no doubt be uttering that same word (or maybe *Hallelujah!*) if she fulfills her "ultimate fantasy: to walk stark naked into a room full of men and women waiting for my arrival and then be serviced by each and every one of them." —Photos by Husband



WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

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Model's full legal name

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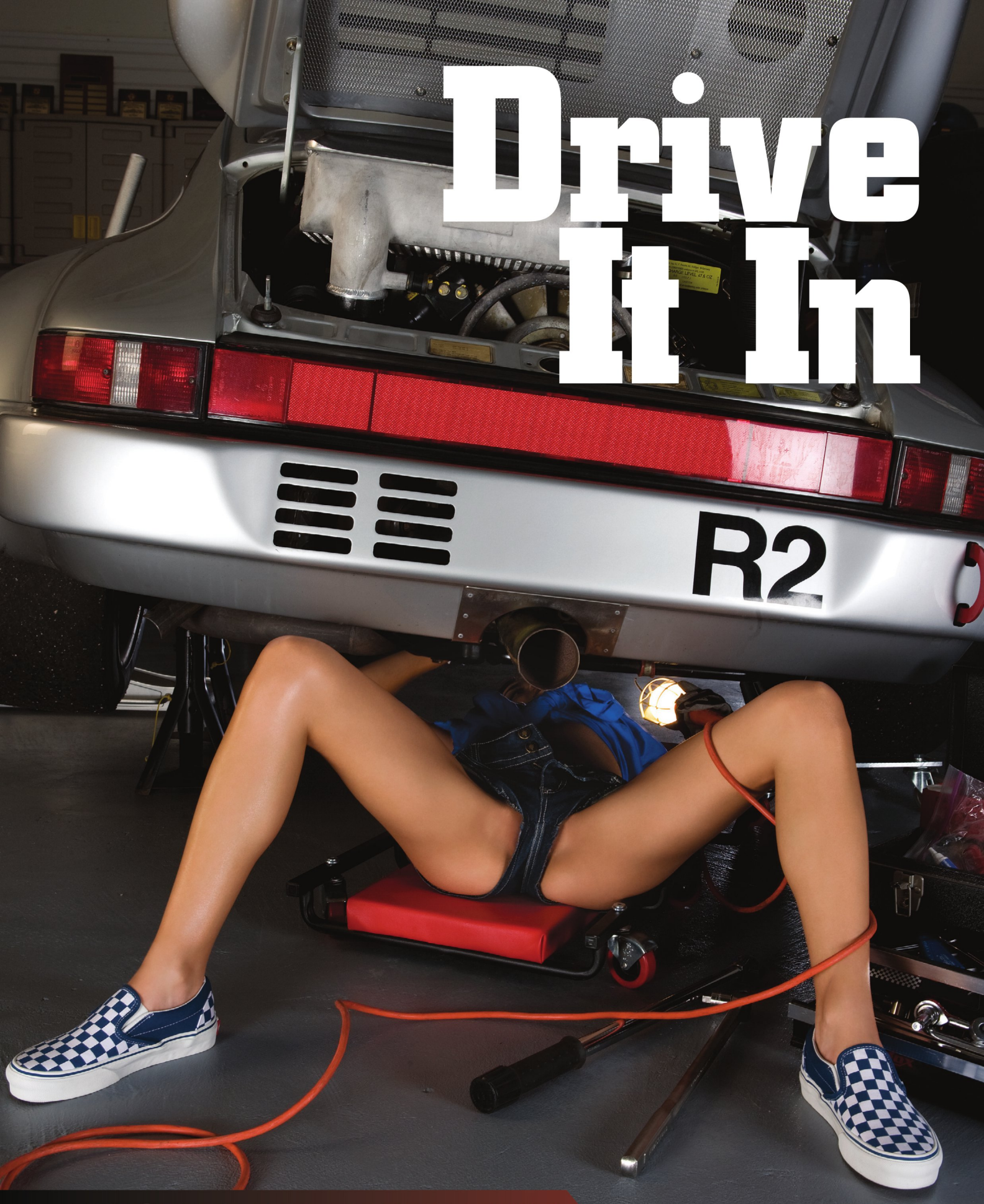
Drive It In



MICHELLE MAYLENE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

As *AVN Live*'s weekly wrap-up reporter, porn star **Michelle Maylene** is accustomed to asking penetrating questions. Now we've turned the tables on the little hottie with a ribald pop quiz.

HUSTLER: What is the sexiest thing you've ever seen?

MICHELLE MAYLENE: Being in and around the porn industry has allowed me to see so much. I guess when I was on the set of a Tera Patrick movie. Tera has this power and was genuinely attracted to her male costars. Most porn is so manufactured, but it was hot to see her have real physical passion for these guys.

What gets *your* engine revved up?

I like when guys talk dirty to me. I like that a lot! I also dig being spanked, and I'm very into oral—giving and receiving. I'm just into guys. I do kiss my girlfriends on the lips, not like an attention whore, but because I love them. But I'm only sexual with men. Nothing beats the way a man smells and tastes. Nothing makes me happier than when a man comes. At that moment I know that I've given him the greatest gift ever.

Is there anything you'd like to change about yourself?

I wish I could be a little taller. I'm only 5-2 and would like to be maybe 5-5. Not super-tall, just like average-girl tall. I get intimidated around tall women. That and maybe have slightly bigger tits.

What are your plans for the future?

I rarely pose nude nowadays. I like doing the hosting for *AVN* and hope to do more of that. I've also been acting in independent films. I want to be the former adult actress who makes it big in mainstream movies.

See **Michelle Maylene** in *Barely Legal School Girls #1*, *Young and Nasty #2*, *The Da Vinci Load #1*, *Taboo #8*, *Barely Legal Corrupted #6*, *HUSTLER's Amateur Beaver Hunt #1 and Asian Fever Anniversary Edition* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

MICHELLE MAYLENE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Edwards, California | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 96

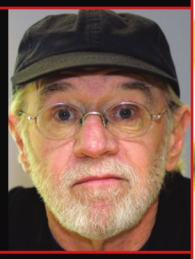
COMING NEXT TIME

THE Q&A: VINCENT BUGLIOSI

The prosecutor of Charles Manson sets his sights on the biggest criminal of the century. L.A.'s former deputy district attorney explains why he thinks a case can be made for the prosecution of George W. Bush for murder.

"MY FRIENDGEORGE CARLIN"

Comedian George Carlin called satirist Paul Krassner "my inspiration." Now Paul reflects on the life of his iconoclastic pal, whose fabled "Seven Words You Can Never Say on Television" skewered the uptight establishment.

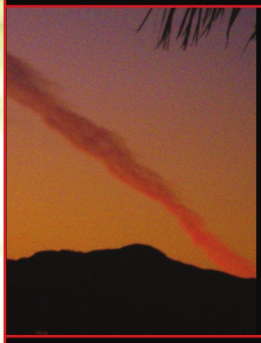


JAMIE KENNEDY HO! HO! HO!

The take-no-prisoners prankster kicks the crap out of Jesus, Christmas and everything under the tree in a tastelessly hysterical discussion with Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt.

TERA PATRICK: A DAY IN THE LIFE

Here's your chance to hang out with the world's most desirable porn star. Find out what fills exotic Tera's days—from frenzied personal appearances to intimate lunches to snuggles with her hard-rock hubby Evan Seinfeld. Writer Ed Rampell gets you close enough to see, hear and almost smell her!

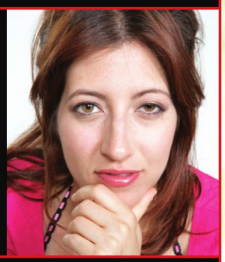


CHEMTRAILS: WHAT ARE THEY?

Thousands have seen them: unnatural "clouds" stretching up to 100 miles across the sky. Is it aerosol poison? A top-secret military project? Some desperate attempt to halt global warming? Dr. Jeff Schweitzer—scientist, pilot and former White House environmental consultant—examines various theories on the ominous phenomena.

DOPER DEFENDER

She's hip, she's dishy and she's the lawyer you want when you're popped for pot. Meet "L.A.'s Dopest Attorney," Allison Margolin, and her stoner clientele. Writer T.R. McAlister takes a humorous peek into the world of courtroom cannabis conflicts.



GUNS—GOOD!

In his brand-new column, talk radio's bad boy Mancow Muller shouts out about gun control, the Constitutional right to keep and bear arms, and his brother's right to sell cars!

Eden Petty

The Holiday '08 HUSTLER goes on sale October 14, 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.